A WOMAN'S VOICE

ISABELLA CARLISLE PLANK

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Sincerely Yours,
Isabella Beecher Hooker

A WOMAN'S VOICE

BY

ISABELLA CARLISLE PLANK

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God, Country, Home and Humanity.

To those who have so ardently wished for me death of the mind, and heart, and soul; as well as to my beloved Living and Dead.

The Author.

Eaglehurst, Jan. 1st, 1903.

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MOTHER

No matter where my song will soar
It will re-echo the words, no more!
Sacred though the theme, it seems a sin,
To have to write it-might-have-been!
And 'twere useless for me to rebel,
For there are more cruel ones, forever and farewell.

Ah! well I know it could never be
That I should cling always 'round her knee,
Yet there comes again the fevered pang
When mem'ry unwinds her song of songs,
the one my mother sang—
And I wish so often, but always wish in vain,
To have her gentle spirit with me, once again.

And, on her bosom tenderly be rocked to sleep,
When tired, of sailing, the treacherous deep,
For, I know I could forget, the world's alarms,
Safely slumbering in my mother's arms.
For all that surges bitterly in the human soul
For all the fevers, passion-tossed that roll,
For all the darkest moments filled with woe,
Vanish, if an anchor we can throw
While ploughing through the stormy sea,
To fasten our life once more to our mother's knee.

ARE WE NOT, SWEETHEART?

MARRIAGE SONG.

We are still together, are we not, sweetheart?
We have faced some nasty weather,
Have we not, sweetheart—
When it poured, and poured, and poured,
And the lightning flashed,
And thunder crashed,
Have we not, sweetheart?

When skies were dark, and overcast—
With clouds, of blackest hue—
We climbed together to the mizzen-mast,
To guide the ship, till skies turned blue,
Did we not, sweetheart?

I gave to you, you gave to me,
This our promise, when we went to sea,
To brace each other, on that uncertain tide,
To love each other, clinging, side by side.

Tho' we have not always been able
To aspire together,
'Twas because sweetheart,
We met so many pirates and such dirty weather.

Then, you must know, 'tis not a natural destiny,
To reach the highest heights of felicity,
Every hour, and moment, as we sail,
It is not, sweetheart, it is not.

Some day, sweetheart, the sky will turn so blue,
Some day, sweetheart, you'll know that I've been true,
Some day, sweetheart, there will be fairer weather,
And then sweetheart, the secret we will share together—
We will sweetheart, we will.

VIOLETS

R. S.

A bunch of violets, just for you.
Drink from the purple blossoms,
Fresh with tears of dew.
Their perfume is their music,
Yielding, when love's touch is kind,
A message straight from my heart,
Though their eyes are blind,

Or sung to sleep by some gentle breeze,
Yet memory has power even over these,
For their blindness makes them shy,
And to borrow light from the sky.

When I see the violet, tenderly I think of you,
When I dream of friendship
You are my dream come true
Not because you're blind, ah! no!

And steal the colors from the sky,
But, because you are good and great,
And, like the violet, shy.
So, I need no fresh creation,
Nor old memories to secure,
A natural harmony,
That always seems so sure.

Nor regeneration to lead me out, and on,
Up above, and into soul,
Tenderly though I crave, for these of course I long
Masterly to sweeten and spiritualize my song.

Surely these sweet violets can not fail to please,
They carry their own welcome with them, I know with ease,
Let my "auf wiedersehn," mingle with their breath
Even if God wills it, not till after death.

VOW-BOUND.

My Faithful and Most-Gifted Woman Friend, C. P. M.

She is not robed in
Scarf, or gauzy veil,
Behind her follows not
With downcast eyes,
An anxious trail;
She comes not from the
Silvery vales of
"Araby the blest,"
She brings me not
Its scent and soul,
Nor rains down at my feet
From flowing streams,
O'er mossy banks
From winding valleys sweet,
The nectars of the orient;

But she drifts into my
Solitude, this vow-bound
One I love,—a princess
Of the guard of virgins
Around the cross,—and
Though, wedded to the church
'Tis the world that suffers loss.

As I wander back among
The sheaves of flowers,
And in language of mine own,
Mark the passing hours,
There comes a surge, and
Toss, of memory's waves,
And high above the foam
I see her shedding manna,

To us pilgrims, from
Her far-off Convent home,
In a cozy forest nook,
Where trembling flowers
Borrow light,
From her suppliant prayers,
That rise for all,
Perchance for me,
To guide us through the
Narrow straights, leading
To eternity.
All this I see,—and
More,—the faint image of
A maiden called by her
Mother, Catharine.

Whose glowing heart
Was offered not
To the cruel maelstrom,
In the world's cold mart.
And, from tender glimpses,
Tinged by the passing shade
Of some saddened

Yester—years,
Sounding on my heart
Like the sobbing of the
Bulbul's tears.
And filling my memory,
To warm me through the day,
For my soul has not
Forgotten, if my senses
Stole away.

As, again I hear the calling
From the Convent bell,
I am filled with mysterious
Pity, for the ruin that befell,
As, I count the sombre beads,
Upon the thread of memory.
Think of all my day-dreams,
Inhale the perfume that
They leave,
For the light that gave them
Birth was cruel to deceive.

SPRING'S LEGATO.

When bubbling sunshine from the summer
Broke,
There came a ray
This winter's day,
Out across the ice, where children play.

The hardy breath of mid-winter's death
Is cloaked,
A promise for the spring now blows,
In gurgling waters, in the underflows
Of streams, reaching for the light,
To gleam
Through crevice, of their winter night.

There is a hush across the sky,
Smiling high,
As over valley rings the song of breaking
Slumbers,
Listening close, for echoing thunders.

And, the sunshine sending out its beams,
To speak,
And seek,
The mating streams.

Then shall these things be here
In sunny cooing,
Come all decked and clear
For Spring's sweet wooing.

Alone, shall break the first note,
Of music choice,
Springs early rippling voice,
Across colors of a robin's throat.

Thus, shall eggs speckled dark,
Stir in cosy nests,
And in grass,
Of the meadow lark.

Just stealing gently, mild legato,
Fearing blowing winds
And, mayhaps, more frozen water,
Past storms have taught her.

THE BIRTH OF PASSION.

Thought, being tired, one day, felt
lonely,
And gazed from his dome, into
the
Heart, at feeling;
she
Answering, shyly murmured, I to
am alone.
He stealing to her side, she
became his bride.
So passion was born,
one
Fatal morn, to thought, and
feeling.
Thought said that now, he would
prefer
To be alone. Feeling, growing
warm,
Pointed to his dome.
Claiming the heart, for herself,
as
Her ancestral home. Passion
combining
The two, took a different view,
and
Howled at this calamity,
and
As he grew, felt keenly the
disaster,

And rushed, in anger to the world, to
be its master.
Feeling, weeping alone, within the heart,
grew sad,
And, tearfully, appealed to reason
to control their lad.
Heart, he answered, do not sorrow,
we were
Made to suffer, own no tomorrow.
passion is all,
Commanding full share of power,
and beauty,
Laughs at you for weeping,
bids me
To 'tend to duty.
From passions vital springs
will come
All there is. Even Kings,
the
Power of church, and state, and
romance.
And though shafts are hurled at him
to kill
He only smiles, destroys, or builds
at will.
Is often on the winning side
between
The soul, and heaven,
And if loser, is the precious leaven,
and does
His reign prolong
for he's
The power in music, religion,
art, and song.

ON THE SHORE OF MANY YEARS.

WRITTEN FOR THE THIRTY-SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF THE MARRIAGE OF MR. AND MRS. GEO. M. HUNT, AND MR. AND MRS. FRED L. SMITH.

In the hush of quiet twilight,
When the past has rolled away,
With its doubts, and cares, and trials,
Speeding onward through the day,
When no sound of surging life
With its bustle, and its strife,
Flings its noisy path across our way;
When the soft fair sky so true,
Sends its fleecy clouds
To mingle, with the warmer blue,
And on the scroll indite
Up there above the light,
How, trustingly, we sent
Our bark adrift together,
Touching on the shores of many years,
In many kinds of weather,
And like sailors, looking
At each other, with an asking eye,
Fearing not the storms,
If knowing they were nigh,
And sure to be brewing,
In a changing sky,
Pushing back the busy hand
Of fancy, I see, gleaming, our bark,
Lying anchored, on the placid

Breast of waves,
Snow-fed and clear,
Whose pearly lustre
Shimmers in the moonlight,
Sending soft breezes to us,
As we rest.
Calmly looking back
On our walk together,
Some days there were
Like rainy Autumn weather;
Some days the star of hope shone bright;
Again the song of sorrow
Sobbed through the night,
Days there were void, and dim,
Followed by triumphal hymn.

Phoenix-like, soared above
In full blaze our early love,
Of long ago, whose notes
Were tender, soft and low.

THE MAN-DEFYING SLAVE.

In an atelier of Paris,
Not so many years ago,
Dwelled an artist, and a maiden,
(Let me tell this soft and low.)
He the rising painter, Gabriel, by name,
Working for the Sultan, for glory, and for fame
Met the semi-barbarous Fâtima,
An Oriental, it would seem,
Beautiful as an houri, haunting as a dream,
Not so very tall, yet of fine stature,
And of peculiar charm,
Combining power, with melting softness,
An adept, with all the harm
Of Eastern skies, glowing, and
Burning, in her voluptuous eyes.
Placid her face, reserved as any

Nymph by Asiatic Bosphorus,
Or forest of Belgrade,
Where the women are slaves,
Yet do not toil, for it is against
The doctrine of this idalian soil.
One day Gabriel, wandering to Cairo,
Nirvana to seek, had handed him
The Koran, by a roaming sheikh,

Coming from afar, with Egyptian
Gold coins, for the fine bazaar.
And, as the climate is both mild
And sound, the artist bought
The prophesy, and sat down on the
Ground, leaving the old sheikh
To turn himself around, towards
Kibleh, to pray, head pointed
East, to Mecca, the most proper way.

But, any one who has read Mohammed
On a morning, fierce and red,
Will observe and wish that Islam.
O well, Gabriel nothing said,
About the son of Abdallah,
But turned the pages, and read
The rich and effusive language,
Written there on gold,
For they do things well in that
Country—I am told.

Gabriel, observing that the prophet
Made contradictions, once or twice,
Concluded that things Eastern
Suffered for lack of ice.
And, hearing from a distance
Under a doom-palm's shade,
A voice, of touching music,
Surely coming from a maid.
It rose in glorious beauty,
The notes both loud, and long,
Throwing out the melody

Of a Bedouin song,
As it wandered from a black tent,
Near some sacred well.
Not "holy zem-zem,"
This much I can tell.

Gabriel closed the Koran,
To find the gorgeous thrills,
Echoing in beauty, across
Mokattam Hills;
And, as he searched, he wondered
If the lady were old, or young,
And, if Turkish or Arabic
Would be the proper tongue

Of her family, or distinguished tribe,
And, if dressed in gaudy rags
Be open to a bribe,
To desert her sunny land,
For the Parisian tide.
When he saw Fâtima
And found she spoke no French
He employed some other way—
Perhaps it was his eyes—
That tempted the abandonment
Of her native skies.

Fâtima, in some ways, was quite young,
Yet an enigma, to be sure,
For, in others, she was very, very, mature.
And she had roamed, it seems,
From place to place, for when

Gabriel put her in a cottage
On the Seine, the cry went
Around the studios that beauty
Was there again, the model
Most ideal, whose charms were very real.

Alexis came, one fatal day,
To borrow her from Gabriel,
For his tale of Eastern lore,
Promising, for the poses,
She should wear a crown of roses,
And something more.

Seeing, she was surpassing fair
He offered her, I may say, more than prayer,
For she had pouting lips,
Delicious nose, hair of flame,
And curving toes,
But Fâtima was quite erratic,
And insisted, with words emphatic,
That while a chaplet of roses, pink,
Were quite the thing, she could not think
Of just these alone—and as she
Lay, to depict a bartered slave,
Insisted she must quite behave.
So on her bosom, fair, she threw
A gauze—pearly fair—
Or, it may have been an ashy hue,
Or, perhaps, a soft grey blue.

With just a rippling sheath
Of rose, from living flesh beneath,

She looked a sleeping—what shall I say?
One thought of lolling lotus on
The water, as he gazed at the
Slow Nile's daughter,
And in those eyes, as she crouching lay
To tell the story of a slave at bay,

All the menace, and the power,
Of the tiger cowered
As she quivered with pain
During the posing hour.
Then, with a bolt, she sprang
From off the couch, to sing,
As from palest moon there rose
A soft unanchored light, stealing
Through the lattice, from the glorious night
Into the artist's room.

The picture is very sweet, it seems,
She told him—almost like the dreams
Sometimes, unconfessed, of the desert
In my country, looking toward the West.
I see the cloud of yellow dust,
And my, over-flowing, red old Nile,
Slowly moving, and a crocodile,
Also a pigeon, white and pink.
Thou art fair, Alexis, still
This painting silent is, and heavy,
It does not stir. Ah! for just
A dancing whirr, like this,
And this—and this—
Music—a song-rapture—bliss.

No—no—Alexis not a kiss.
My fair, my fair "Gazelle"
I love, I love thee well,
All the story of your Eastern skies
Is written—ma bella—in your
Glorious eyes. But here, not
Far away—is a coast—a shore
A sea—from Nice to Spezzia.
Ah! Fâtima—this little hand
I kiss—ma-doux-mi—please.

Lying lonely in the shadow
Is a blaze of sweeping glory
Grand exultant red—
Listen to the story—fair "Gazelle"
The sun—the sun you love so well
Hot child of the desert—let me tell—
Dies behind the Mountain.
But here, Ah! yes 'tis fair
And the skies are blue
Not quickly fading as with you.

For the distilling sweetness of the
Breath of new-mown hay,
Settles on the ripening clover,
Seeking out the sweetest way,
To meet the falling dew,
Bent on embracing all the flowers,
True ma bella, true.

And shallow streams, making
For the river's bend,

Sing their dreamy lullaby, without end,
All for thee; and from marsh
And tree hurry by uneasy
Birds, at the threatening sky,
When it rains—what tears!
Then there is Genoa—and Rome!

Starting up, Fâtima gazed around her,
For it was the vesper hour,
As a voice, of splendid music,
Thrilled her with its power.
Tell me, Alexis, ere I sink in death,
Whose music is wafted from that breath?
That is a holy friar, in yonder abbey,
Behind whose walls he toils, and
Works, for something above,
Higher, than woman's love.

That is he, near the yellow corn,
Singing, blithe as bird at early morn,
No more by the world remembered,
His life—web torn.
Ah! Alexis, thou art sweet and kind—
And is he the muezzin—old and blind?
Not so—I've known him long,
Often I've heard that voice in song;

At matins, at lauds, and at
Vesper hour.
Would I were a bird on yonder
Bough, Alexis, silent I would be,
And flit from tree to tree.

While he sang, his song of songs to me,
Hushing the breezes on the
Summer seas.
Ah! Alexis, I should dread the
Lonely wood, were he not there,
To hide my blushes,
With those trembling gushes.

But, say Alexis, hark! a bird
I'll be—and sing a song that
He will hear—and know,
That I love him so.
And, listening, he will dread the knell
Of the Abbey bell,
For I—the nightingale shall be
For him—Alexis, listen thee.
Ah! Fâtima pity me.

And the maid Fâtima
With the blood of Egypt throbbing high,
Sent the sonorous melody
In passion to the sky,
Then down to earth again,
Where it reached his soul, so pained,
Tugging with her woman—voice
At his manhood, chained.

He looked up at her,
Looked once again.
He heard the distant chime,
Knelt in prayer.
And the Abbot found him,

Kneeling there, quite alone,
For his soul—his soul had flown.
And Fâtima softly murmured
Alexis—you may go alone to Rome.

And the lady danced a two-step through the picture;
Mon Dieu! said the painter, what an acrobat!
La, la! trilled the model, didn't you know that?

DEATH AND THE DEVIL.

Death, you are my slave!
quoth Evil,
to his Majesty.
It seems to me, you rave,
and I have
not far to seek,
To point the reasons, why you speak
to me, with
such authority.
You are a sophist, Evil,
I can not
afford to waste
My breath, quoth the cunning Death.
though, I may
fawn on thee,

To snare, you have yourself
to thank, for not
being in my rank.
Why I am so isolate, that
I dictate
to Kings,
Of Earth, and itinerate,
whither and whence
I please.
At best, you are but Jacobin
and, should
I choose,
I could coquet with thee,
and, if I cared,
to try, I could,
With, insolence, estop your
feeble cry.
why compared
To me, you are a snob,
sturdy, sombrous,
and astute,
But, Evil, you make me snigger
thinking to be
my substitute.
I am sorry that you force me
to exhume
from my
Bewildering lore, things you
should have
known before.
Still you are an artist of your
Class, a paragon

Indeed, and our
Esprit de corps will admonish
us, to let it pass
tho' I do not need
Your creed. Forgive me, Death
for forgetting
you are supreme.
Double-anchored at any end,
'twere madness
to offend.
Nay, said Death, you furnish
me with means
are my main
Support. I do not you
underestimate
so, in token
That I forgive, I make you my
surrogate,
which means
That you must drudge, and
since you
are to act,
For me, I will not call you
mome, for
you're not free.

TO A CARTHUSIAN FRIAR OF LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

We pay for all our joys,
If they be great.
Since, once, within my heart
Thine own did lie
Complete the trust,
Unclouded the sky,
A monody you do not intone,
For there are tears, woman's own.
And, the memento you so kindly sent
Across two seas, for my punishment,
Is a cruel painting of the past,
And shows you, still, so highly militant,
That I know it will not last.

Since you were once the centre of my every look and sigh,
You can but know the void there is
Since the flame of love must die,
When the light that gives it birth
No longer glows within the eye.
If, sometimes, you walk beneath the shining stars
Or, alone, within the Abbey cell,
Remember me, Philip, as you pray
'Twas pride, not Philip, who barred the way.

SHIPMATES.

WRITTEN FOR ROYAL ARCANUM BANQUET, MINNEAPOLIS, FEB. 24, 1899.

When men are linked, as brothers, in a fine
and royal band,
When they stand for help to others
and feel and understand
There is joy in Mercy's mantle,
Take Virtue by the hand
To welcome with broad Charity
The feeble of the land;
Oh! then 'tis when fair manhood
Shines with a regal light!
And thus it is, my brothers,
We welcome ye tonight.

If we take the hand of sorrow
And let its grief go by in joy
There's benediction for the morrow,
There is, thus, a fine alloy
In the burden left by sorrow
That haunts the face of joy.

So take the hand of sorrow
Bid to joy good morrow,
And through all time attend ye!
While the circle of this rarity

Bound by bands of human Charity,
Shall find all men are happy
Who march in Mercy's band.

So there's magic in these three;
"Virtue, Mercy, Charity"
That bind us for others,
Join us as brothers,
In a circle, great and wide;
And every man among us
We like him at our side.

So brothers, we are shipmates,
That trail a mighty sea,
And at our helm, emblazoned,
Floats the flag of Charity,
Above a mast called Goodness,
That is seen, both far and wide,
From a vessel made of Mercy,
Rocked by Virtue's sunny tide.

Let us, proudly, float our banner
to the breeze,
As we gaily sail the rocking seas,
Let us grasp each other's hand,
And as comrades let us stand
For all time, and for Eternity.

BEAUTY.

Have you seen
The crystal gleam,
Shining, on the snow-fed river?
Do you know that against the height
There sparkles glowing, glistening light?
Do you know the rich, rich wood
Belongs to us, for God is good?
That every tint that delights the eye
He has given us, in the sky,
In plant, in bird, and flower
Varied, to suit the time and hour.

And colors, gorgeous or soft, may shine,
Be found in shell of ocean,
Be found in gem of mine,
And not have satiety,
For there is infinite variety.
There's beauty in a field of grain,
Sympathy in the pouring rain,
It's glorious to watch the soaring lark,
There's friendship in the watch-dog's bark,
There's much, as well, to say
Of mountain, thunder-storm and brae.

And the sandal-wood is sweet,
When bleeding at your feet,

Even leaf-bud in the sheath
Says there's beauty underneath.
Have you heard the blackbird's call?
Sweetest, clearest notes of all.
Have you ever, wandering, strolled
O'er some meadow, green and gold,
And in some cooling waters wade
Basking near some sylvan shade
That threw shadows from opening glade?

Have you seen the bubbling clover shake
As o'er the meadow it blooms, awake?
Have you known how summer's spirit grieves
As on her dying breast fall Autumn leaves?
Have you seen the twining ivy vine
Cover the vanished beauty of some once-loved shrine?
Have you seen pale lilies peep
When they dreamed the waters were asleep?
Have you inhaled the perfume of abandoned flowers,
While they shed their petals in stolen hours?

Have you heard the aged forest sigh
And through it echo the night-wind's lonely cry?
Or listened to the silence in some neighboring wood
Deserted by all, but darkness, and solitude?
And, in the stillness of uncertain light,
Have you watched the coming of the kindly night?
Have you ever been alone in some moonlit vale
And heard the liquid notes of the amorous nightingale?
Have you seen how russet colors flourish upon the ground,
And do you see the beauty every where around?
For if you bring your light along, beauty may be found.

THE COMING MAN

I dreamt—I think it was but yester-night,
and, sorrowing, I wept,
For I wandered over silent battle-fields,
as I slept;
And, my spirit drank of the stream of Lethé,
for forgetfulness I sought
In its waters, from the havoc
my soul had wrought.
And, as I slept, I soared away,
from our lower world,
And my prayer, to the God above,
for indifference, was answered
By a vision, or a dream and there unfurled
a banner, which bore
The colors of my country, true,
And he, who bore the emblem,
was fairer, and more beautiful
Than Antinous. And he smiled, as I
watched him, as I did of a truth,
For his face bore the mastering
opulence of youth;
And he seemed, to me, to be of great
simplicity,
And I pictured, also, that his
sympathies were broad, and very

Human, and his energy was massive,
and he was gentle as a woman,
And affectionate, with genius spiritual,
and he had other qualities,
Often hard to find.

He combined courage, with humility,
He had skill, and was apt at observing,
his method was logical. Oh! he
Was deserving! And, it seemed to me,
he was the great monopolist.
For he had all the treasures, he was
also very bold.
And he reasoned well, from facts,
that told;
And, as I watched him, moving around
the silent battle-field,
With the colors of my country
floating above him, as a shield,
He seemed so strong, and brave, and free,
that as he passed along
I could not imagine him party to a wrong,
nor victim, of the things
That curse humanity;
Or small, with all the vices of
its vanity.
And then I 'woke, with this vision
surging in my blood,
All was darkness, chaos, and I stood
like Moses, on the Mountain of Nebo
Longing for the land, where he never was to go,
for this imposing figure

Of a man, will be for the woman of
another span of years,
When treachery, and false promises
will be unknown.
And there will be no tears.

But the dream was all my own.

CIRCE AND HER SWINE.

You were but savage—I had not far to go
To clog your memory and cover you with brine
To make you now my swine.

I am less merciful than God
Since he committed no treason
For He gave you the gift of reason.

You were built in the shape of man
And I have turned you into these,
With my "Pramnian wine and cheese."

And you were, so nearly, as you are now
That it needed but the lair
Of my bright hair, to show you how.

And though I have you in my stye
Still you knew the way—I did not lie.
There is no greater punishment then,
For you know you should be men.

And you were not even one with Nature,
Who is unaware of the laws of man or devil,
Since you were not even an impetuous rebel.

WHEN THE SENTRY SLEPT.

The world that takes your soul,
And body, and turns them on its wheel,
Conquers, only if you say so,
You, yourself, can triumph long
If you but brace your nature,
To suffer and be strong.

For then will come glad victory's hour
Loud ring its clanging bell
For by your strength you conquer
And cheat the fiends of hell,
Who wander around among us,
Ah! pity them! for see
In their souls the burden
Of torturing you and me.

For where you find a desert
In a single human heart,
There you may know a devil
Has played his cruel part.

In the gamble he is victor,
He the thief who stole
The treasure and the sunshine
Of a happy soul.

When the sentry slept.
For the night was cold, and chill,
And lonely, and the picket far from camp;
The stars were muffled
Silent; no light within the lamp
That hung on high.
Beyond the mountains
In the frowning sky.

THE DEWDROP AND THE VIOLET.

The dew-drop asked the violet
If she could live without his kiss.
The violet blushed, and smiled at this.
The dew-drop asked her once again,
The violet only smiling, he had asked in vain.

The dew-drop glistened full and round
A brilliant diamond in the violet's crown.
Don't you think the violet cruel,
To disdain this shining jewel,
With his perfect big round O,
Who loved her so?

———

HEMLOCK OR THE CROSS.

I could deny that life holds
For me no hemlock cup,
Clear-sighted this would be,
Yet the denial would not hold me up.
Guided by Judas, perhaps there is no loss
In a betrayal that leads one to the cross.
Bewildered by the assassins of love, and truth,
And the knowledge that the dollar will always soothe,
The loathsome spy, and his more loathsome wife,
Who chuckle at the morsel of a fellow-human's life,
Whose power they wish to turn to storm,
And compel her, for peace, to raise her arm
And send a bullet through her head,
Gazing, in triumph, at her, lying dead.
Believe me, there is no tomorrow
For a soul whose song is sorrow.

For the children, made by Cain
Happy only when there's pain.
Clamor wildly in revolt, and burn,
For the destruction of a nature great, and spurn
Its flights, rising to the skies,
Spit in its face, and bind its eyes,
And whip to the "palace of Herod."

ROCKING ON MY HEART.

I sat, one night, in rainy August weather,
I thought, somehow, we were yet together,
My boy and I,
This was long ago,
That to, and fro,
I heard a Mother rocking,
Rocking on my heart.

I thought I saw a curly head
Sleeping on that breast
And a tatto made of tiny hands
Beat the baby's nest.
Again there rose the slumber song
Hush-a-by it came,
Rocking there upon my heart
Rocking once again.

Hush-a-by, she sang,
And down to me there rang
The lonesome echoes.
Yet, somehow, I had no part,
In the air that made me start,
Yet slowly she kept rocking,
Rocking on my heart.

SOUTH WIND.

No beggar's voice floats on your seas,
O! fragrant, sighing breeze,
Wafting some sweetest songs and lore,
To me, from sun-kissed Southern shore.

No beggar's voice, yet pleading full with ease,
Sweet-smiling on me, so sure to please,
O! south-wind, gently touch and kiss
With your soft magic, to increase my bliss.

Still, wert thou beggar, seeking some return
For favors once bestowed, I would not spurn
Thy caressing voice, for I'm alone
South-wind, bear this message home.

Honey suckle scent, and twilight hour
I see, O! south-wind, every flower,
Magnolia, sweet southern pine,
And dream O! south-wind, I still am thine.

Yes, there are memories fair southern breeze,
But ask me not always to live on these,
O! south-wind, bear my sob to your land
And mingle my tears in your soft southern sand.

In beauteous far-away, which once was home,
Before I became wanderer, like lone bird to roam.
Carry these words back with your spell,
Kiss me goodnight, come say farewell.

THE SILENT PASSENGERS.

THE BARGE ROUMANIA BROUGHT SIX HUNDRED BODIES FOR INTERMENT IN THE UNITED STATES, FROM CUBAN BATTLEFIELDS.

The old Emperor, Atlantic, turns aside his
head to weep,
As a ship, with sleepers, laden, sails across
the mighty deep,
And he murmurs, O! so softly, lest some
anxious one below
Should break his bonded sepulchre,
seeking just to throw

One last gleam, 'mong the spars,
From a spirit bold and haughty,
Full of strength, to reach the stars,
And a manhood, crowned with beauty,
Strapped, and buckled, for the fray,
Since 'twas thus he kissed his Mother,
One sweet morn in May.

Now he sleeps 'midst fallen brothers,
Six hundred by his side,
In the floating barge, Roumania,
In silence they abide,
Chained in eternal slumber,

Monuments of bones, bleaching on this ride,
To the sluggish surging, of the moaning tide,
Back of them the battle field,
Of musket, and of sword,
Firm, and true, they did wield,
Believing in the Lord,
Proud of heart, forgetting not to look above,
Knowing that He guards His own,
With mercy, and with love.

Now the clouds, so dark, and overcast,
Shroud the banner, on the mizzen-mast,
And the trembling stars upon the white,
Shiver in their colors, as they seek the light,
To guide to their Country's fold,
These sleepers, to rest in honored mould.
And, when the flowers are blooming
In sunny weather,

These six hundred comrades
As they sleep together;
Far from worldly pomp, and pride,
Will have penciled to their memory
They for their Country died.

AN ARABIAN LOVE SONG.

SUNG FROM A NIGHTINGALE'S THROAT.

'Twas such a night as this, dear one,
By the murmuring tide of yonder stream,
'Twas such a night as this, beloved,
Thy shadowy form rose in a dream,
By the spangled moonlight quivering.
I sobbed aloud, for the luscious night
Stirred every frond, basking in
Shadow, of woodland pond,
And, from this height, I poured my love,
Into deeps beyond, to the glorious night.

I saw thee toss thy small brown head,
And crush the hearts of the roses sweet,
Beneath the tread of thy tiny feet.
I sang and sang my soul away,
Drunk with delight, as a birdling may.

Sheltered, neath a dew-kissed flower
I poured my burden of song to the hour,
And in thine eyes I saw such bliss,
As the breezes soft carried my kiss
While the poppy flashed its warm red light,
That glowed and shone in the perfect night.

As I spied thee perched on a lily's cup,
Whose golden torch proudly held thee up,
And since thou wert such a tender thing
Thou soared away on my broader wing,
To mossy banks, in deeper dell,
O'er golden sands, where violets dwell.

'Twas such a night as this, dear one,
By the murmuring tide, of yonder stream.
'Twas such a night as this, beloved,
Thy shadowy form rose in a dream
By the spangled moonlight quivering.

TO GENIUS—NATURE'S GOD.

Impartial nature lent her rain-bow
hue,
And, into the colors, her life and soul
she blew,
From her deep heart there
came
A special intoxication, a
flame
All her own, born of love,
ravishing,
Languorous, soft, gentle, as a
dove.
Deep-echoing, from her mighty
throat
She drew a precious
note,
Burdened with beauty, as she
brought it forth.
From her hidden womb
some
Sparkling fire, to consume
the groans,
That fate would send,
opposing
Her progress to the end.
And, from out her rich mould

all the while
Smiling, as she rolled,
its ductile atoms,
To fix a bower,
she drew
Some unseen power,
and,
Bending near it,
penetrated
With her spirit,

And seamed, with scars of
fun,
Her signs, and symbols,
one, by one,
Which told the tale of mastery;
then
Nature, great artist that she is,
producing
When she may, some special
form

Of bliss, piled up and on
This thing she called
her own,
A flavor peculiar, to make
it stand alone.
Take every shape of thought,
Every tone of mind,
Be a match for fortune
and
Make poor Cupid blind.

SOMETIMES.

Sometimes, through clouds of smoke,
I see a face once dear to me,
To brood, to dream, to love again,
Would be, for me, most cruel pain.

Sometimes, for me, those dreams I see
Come true again, but in the smoke,
The blue smoke winds around my life
The ash, the flame, the smoke is strife.

Sometimes, when in the twilight hour,
I smoke, I dream, I brood once more,
Sometimes, the scent like some sweet flower,
Haunts, and moves me as of yore.

Sometimes, the hearts of roses lie,
Bereft of petal, perfume, flower,
So walks my heart in sorrow by
The sweetness, called of life the dower.

So, so, dear one, I bid you leave
Me dream, once more, though love be dead,
Till from my veins my blood shall creep,
And scatter joy, above thy head.

Ah me! Ah me! the night comes on,
Pale grows my dream for thee, for thee,
Again the stream of life moves on,
But not for me, but not for me.
Across the hours of Time's bold dial,
I can not flee. I can not flee.

Sometimes dear one, thy face, thy voice
Come back again, so hauntingly,
Sometimes, dear one, thy heart thy soul,
Seem but for me, seem but for me.

Again I see 'tis through the smoke
'Twas but a dream, 'twas but a dream,
Across the years 'twas love that spoke
Neath ashes deep, beyond all hope.

THREE IN ONE.

THE BODY.

There are so many things I have to do,
That cause me so much pain,
And what is worse, I have them
To do, over and over again.

THE MIND.

True, it is you have your sorrow,
But I am here to help you borrow
Life, and love, and strength,
Nothing more can you wish—at length.

THE SOUL.

And when both of you are tired
Out, beyond all measure,
You can fall back on me,
I am your greatest treasure.

For the soul and mind can triumph
No matter what the body has to do,
For though the last is mortgaged
The first belongs to you.

A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW.

One hundred years from now
It were useless to deny,
There will be players at the game,
Staking low, and high,
Turning into the grinding hopper,
Strictly within the rules,
Fools, who would be geniuses,
Geniuses who would be fools.

It were useless to deny this all,
This much can we ominate,
There will be thraldom for the many.
Just as is the present fate
Of the greater number, in the
World's tidegate—who sing their
Song of lamentation, as they
Near the bar, for failing as they
Moved along, to reach a state of par.
There will be brains then, as now,
Some in love with ignorance, others
Who know how. Some full dense
And quite opaque, some both
Swift, and keen, with bedraggled
Olla podrida, sandwiched in
Between, and the central body of
This orbit will be in the same
Old pew—oligarchy they call it,
Government by the few.

It were useless to deny this all,
And foolish to discuss,
For there will be the common pawns,
And those who make a fuss.
Those who will cry *peccavi*
When Nemesis has the pelf,
Others, who will paraphrase,
For a petty bonus, denying the
Existence of "lex talionis,'

As they take a pinch of salt
To rub it on the brain,

Of the man whom grief has mastered,
And to watch his pain,
Singing the while a madrigal, telling
Of other days, whilst he cries
The foolishness of the others ways.

Oh! 'twere useless to deny
This, or to well omit, the per-
Petual calendar of the world's
Misfit. The small mind will
Then, as now, torture the great soul,
Calling that its victory, and its only goal.

Ambitious game will not want for players,
And triumph
Will be for the heavy stayers.
Then, there will be those who can
Philosophize, while blinding
Justice's eyes, and those who always
Manage to sit first at
The prow, for potency, somehow
Will discover how.

Then, there will be leavening the whole,
Those who believe in the
mighty "seership of the soul."
Oh! the human brotherhood will
Be much as it is now. Slaves
There are by nature, freemen
Who will not bow. Those who
Can be lumped in classes, and
Those who are unique,

Those too scared to shake their heads,
And those who bravely speak.
And no amount of progress blooming
Through the years, can twist the
Human fabric so's to abolish
Tears. And no matter what
Inventions monopolize our
Dream, death, the mighty is
Conquerer, radiant his brow, unless the
Disease of social horrors is different
Then, from now.

TEN THINGS.

1.

If you are not cool and
Bold of head, with strength
To spare, sound on your feet,
Avoid the very common snare,
Of going in too deep.

2.

When you reach the limit
Of your power, to comprehend,

The soul of another, whose
Greatness may offend,
And to you, it is without meaning,
Dead—be not surprised at it,
But at yourself, for you may miss
What to it, is supremest bliss.

3.

There never was a greater paradox,
Nor seeming more unreal,
Than an abiding faith,
In a great ideal.
For it beats against all wrongs,
And must be confessed
Is the only alkahest,
Besides great love, that feeds
On everything, devouring enmity,
Hate, and malice, for when
They seize their swords to cleave love
In two, loves greatness changes their
View, and she only greater grows
When they consent to wield their pigmy blows.

4.

You, yourself, have to say
If the same old tyrants bind
Upon your soul, their many chains,
It makes no difference what their names.
You have nothing to fear, unless you fear,
They are, as you, only part,
Of the common heart.

5.

It is not what we see,
But what we understand;
It is not what we say, of nature,
But whether we hold her hand,
And smile at her, and make confession,
Of her multiform expression.

6.

No one in this world has any
Special right, all belongs to each
To use, it depends if you have the sight,
You have but to choose.
You, alone, are master of your mind
There are, for it, no chains
Strong enough to bind.

7.

It is foolish to love, unless
You also believe,
It is foolish to do either
Unless you have firmness,
To hold love, and faith, together,
In every kind of human weather.

8.

It is well to be of good birth,
It is better to have good worth.
Breeding is better than the first
For life without it is hunger and thirst.

9.

When you meet diplomacy,
That often stands for lies,
In a sphinx-like, placid face,
Tranquil as the summer skies,
You are justified in bowing,
Bending—seeming,
Frankness were amiss
In this kind of scheming.

10.

If you have a bitter cup
Held to your lip, and cannot
Toss, drink it, and
never mind.

If you have had your throw at life
And lost,
never mind.

If you have the kind of clouds
That come to you, again and again,
And indicate both wind, and rain,
never mind.

RIVELA.

To play upon our souls,
Strike every chord, and every passion feed;
To touch our hearts so deep
They almost bleed;
To carry us to heights so near the sun,
Then whisper secrets 'till we are won;
To make a note so sweet, so full of tender love,
Then dig a pit so deep there is no above;
To make us wince and almost cry aloud,
Then fire our pride 'till heads go up unbowed.
To make us believe that all is wrath and tears,
'Till we hang our heads with grief,
And shake, with foolish fears.

To make us feel so brave, no clutch of circumstance
Would put us in the shade, we watch for any chance
To cast ruin, and wreck, about us, as we ride along,
For we feel so fine, so brave, so very strong.
You take us to some delicious moonlit vale,
We can almost hear the sobbing nightingale;
You ride with us across some savage wild,
Then chirp, and coo, to us, like any lisping child.
All this you do—and more—
With that music you adore, Rivela.
Your faithful heart

So full of bliss, and love, for your noble art,
That she unveileth charms, alone, for thee,
And thou are drunk with ecstasy.
Well do I approve thy choice
For no tempting, subtle voice,
Iago-like, can come between
Such a lover and his Queen.

TO M. V. T.

"Do Not Forget Me."

Forget you? No. Forget you never.
E'en tho' Time and God's will do sever
Our lives, and apart they lie.
Lady of the gracious heart
I know full well the lofty part
You play in life,
Fair as woman, great as mother, great as wife.
And he who knows so much
Must know this,
For such a woman is to a man
An eternal well of bliss.
Forget you? I forgive you the thought
For were you not tender with the havoc
My soul had wrought?

THE VALLEY OF REGRET.

In the deeps of my heart,
Growing for years,
I found a small mountain
And a torrent of tears.

Oh! the mountain it grew
From a mere speck of love,
And the torrent it flowed,
From the mountain above.

And, one loomed so high
That it crowded my heart,
And one flowed so wide
That it tore it in part.

Then where the tears
Had flown from above
Melting the mountain
The mountain of love,

There 'rose a wide valley
They call it regret,
'Tis peopled with sorrows,
And bleeding yet.

A WOMAN'S FACE.

SUSIE.

She had great wide eyes,
Lips both firm and true,
And were, like nostril, flaming red
And the eyes were blue.

The perfect beauty of her head
Was crowned with locks of Titian red,
The eyes looked as if they could cradle tears,
Yet were not at home to foolish fears.

I love to think of this woman's face,
Every line left its mark of grace
And the trait that made the best impression
Was the magic beauty of her expression.

For candor and benevolence spoke
Loud, and with fervent note.
Showing her virtue to be of gentler kind
Yet her brow told a story of heroic mind.

She was all this—and more—
Versed in every sort of lore,
Yet 'twas not these that I was after
For she was also queen of love and laughter.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

Sailing, slowly, across the skies
Steals a pair of baby eyes,
A kindly message brimming in their sadness;
Tenderly I watch for thee, and hearken,
And am only gone before,
To open wide the door,
In the holy hush, beyond the soft blue cloud.

When the angel swept by you, as he passed
To bear me away, on his wing, so strong and fast,
He forgot the happy hours I slumbered on your breast;
Dream, then, of me, still, as fondly clinging,
Like the climbing ivy swinging,
Around the ruined shrine of your broken nest.

Try to think that I am sleeping,
There's no pain around me creeping,
That, my curls fall o'er my face,
And, of death there is no trace,
And, the shadow of the tomb, so lone and wild,
Darkens not the beauty of your only child.

TO AUGUSTUS THOMAS PERRY.

FATE UNKNOWN.

Out in the storm, I know not where,
Lad of starry eyes, brown and true,
Early blossom of my tender care,
I look in vain thy face to meet
In the hurrying throngs of every city's street.

When thou wert carried
Captive to another part,
By one whose words of love and praise
Welled from a traitor's heart
The only link, the only thread,
Left me were the golden curls
From thy baby head.
Alive they are, and shining bright,
Spanning the piteous gulf twixt me and night.

And between the mocking days, and
Nights, and years,
Are the lonely hours, and the flowing tears,
Since a cruel fate
Tied the cords that bound me to the stake.
If thou art alive, and happy, say so—boy
If with a braver heart
Than he, who robed in yellow,

Played the Judas part,
Sent thee wandering,
Left me alone,
To bear the burden of a ruined home.

But, if thou art sleeping,
Imprisoned, in thy earthly bed,
Thy pure soul must hover
Sometimes, around my head,
For well I know, its pinions
Rising from thy martyred sod
Shall gladly be unfettered by a pitying God.

UNKNOWN.

Another maiden sleeps the long
last sleep,
Another mother's eyes are taught the
way to weep,
A life lies shattered, with broken
string,
Silent, forever, yet of it I
sing.
A dream fondly cherished, she who lies
so still,
She whose fate it was, nothing to
fulfill;

Gifted and beautiful, though doomed to
die so soon,
Her young life never had its
afternoon.
For the heart she thought was all
her own,
Hardened, and turned itself to
stone.

Nothing is written against her on
her brow,
Except the common message,
she didn't know how.
For she had been taught, she was
so very sure,
That, like her mother, everything
was pure.
She had yet to learn that vice, to
accomplish things,
Very often borrows virtue's
wings.
For when vice deals with the ignorant
and young,
It often pays tribute to the higher
one.
For in this world you can swim
its sea,
Not by what you are, but what
you seem to be.

For you will be labeled, at last,
by what you've got,

Not passed up to the front, by what
you've sought.
And though this lass, lying dead, upon
the marble stone,
Friendless and forsaken, in the morgue
alone,
Was good and brave, she had her
heart consumed,
And, by treachery, was foully
doomed,
To sink into her dreamless
rest,
And lie unknown, upon the city's
breast.

Her story, unwinding from the
cruel chain,
Proclaiming to the world her
bitterness and pain.
For she had, of course, met the
boy,
Who, perhaps, had not been taught
at school
That blunders were punished, this
the fatal rule.

For all can not make the
master-stroke,
The world is not peopled by
such folk.
For if every mind were a
master-one

The world would take a turn at
moving 'round the sun,
The moon refuse to longer shed
her light,
Declining to be subordinate
satellite.

And every little twinkling star
would rather bear, by far,
An illuminated stamp,
proclaiming
It to be the only silver lamp,
hanging up on high,
In the darkened sky;
this

Was all her life, yet she once
had a joyous laugh,
Like a ringing silvery chime,
but it went, with her heart,
Floating on the river Time,
to follow
Dead days, and things,
tangling up
Its quivering strings,
drowning
All its hopes, and fears,
in

The rushing river's tears,
for

Her hero-king was perjured,
loved
Wedded, and then lost,
she
Basely on the cold world tossed,
for this
Her mother dreamed her dream,
this the theme,
To love—and then to lose,
how could she refuse
For here below, God meant
it so.

Brave woman-heart, true child
of light,
Couched on cold stone, dead in
the night,
Deserted, sorrow-marked at
the end,
Grim the lesson to all of us
you send,
I, who know every chapter of
your broken life,
And tell your story
little girl-wife,
Have nothing but your name
to save,
That goes unwritten with you
to your grave.

PERSOLVE PENSUM.

GOLUBTCHIK.

The laws that make for unity
Find answer in you.
Thus harmony speaks true.
To so live by this, that life
Is not denied,
Aiding the wounded to rise,
By your side.

Registered in the ranks of science,
It is manifest
You wear her sign,
Boldly on your breast.
Every human in this land,
Should be perfect, as the grain
Of sand, and worth
Its proper place, in the general law,

Which the King has made.
This your trade.
Loving order as you do,
You wish it for all the rest,
Be he master, or be he slave,
Emperor, or knave.
The laws of order,
Are everywhere the same,

To you, it makes no difference where
Lies the blame.
One like you so sincere,
Must conquer in the fight, for your
Power is the potent one of right.
Glad am I to enroll you in
My list of Saints,
Find a heart so deep,
And good, that I like
To call a man, and bend before it.
Let me take your hand.

THE PRIZE I DREW.

If when I gave myself to you
I had but known the value of the gift,
And youth's illusive light had not held me in its rift,
I would not be as I am today.
Now that I know, I am strangled by the thought
That I was attracted by the phosphorescence of a corpse
in rot,
Heaving in the after-roll of sin,
Dangerous alike to me, and kin,
Thrown back to seek for life, on my innocence and
beauty,
I, the dupe of social law, and duty.

One there is who knows why this is so,
I am brave enough to ask Him when I go.
For if from my heart you have drawn the bitter tear
My soul is too strong for you, and fear.
And, you well know, I have made you feel
That my intellect has an edge of steel,
And, I have to thank you for ridding me of confusion
Since you taught me that truth and love and justice
were but delusion.
I still am young, full of power, and life,
Glad now to live without these cheats as wife.
Strong in body, with courage high
Skill well-developed, in my heart no sigh,
For you only stirred, what you could not keep,
There were sweeter depths below, in the furthest deep;

Clear, strong, soft and warm,
Murmuring with a newer charm,
Changed by treachery's raging fire
Into music, for my lyre.

HER STORY.

For love I gave you all.
My battles were in vain,
Against your tempting face
There was my maiden grace,
Of soul, on earth, whereon

Was marked my woman's worth.
The tender pressure
Of your gentle hand,
Your warm lip's kiss,
I could not stand;
For that meant life and love,
Dear me, that meant life and love!

Then you know I had no choice,
When you cast the spell of your magic voice
Around my soul, you strangled it,
My head went 'round, crazed for thee,
And thy sweet smile so haunted me.
Thou wouldst not see, the mighty pain,
I fought once more, and once again,
The love of thee, the love of me,
Yet could not see its mockery.

This gift that came from God above,
His one great treasure, my woman's love,
Ah me, Ah me, his one great
Treasure, my woman's love!
This is all my story,
I loved you, and I lost,
For you, there is the glory,
For me, the final cost.

I came, with love, to greet you,
I go, without renown,
I give you back man's sceptre,
Hand me the martyr's crown.
Mute are now my lips,

Burning, hence, my tears,
Throbbing my poor brow,
Haunting all my fears;

And wild and deep,
Is my soul's sob.
Alas, I but weep,
And leave thee to God!
For I lost my two great battles,
The story I'll not prolong,
I feel myself too feeble,
To wage the war with wrong.

For, when you came to me,
My maiden heart awaking,
It answered, when you asked it to obey,
But tonight, I start my soul across
The silent waters,
Its too dark, to bear the light of day.

HIS STORY.

When, in the night I tumble
On my pillow; when all
Around is dark, and it were vain,
To see a ray of light through all the darkness,
All that I remember, is her woman's pain.

For every night I see a vision, of the
Girl, who believed in me with all a
Woman's faith, and, lying sleepless
I have the heavy burden of
Her haunting woman's wraith.

And, when all around, is dead
And silent, I dream, and see, and
Dream it o'er again. Alas I also rue!
Ah, would I could tear from out their sockets
These wondrous eyes of mine, she thought so true.

And, all around I see the streaming,
By the woman-voice I know 'tis she,
Again now I must be dreaming,
For instead of one
There are surely three.

And, they stand there and laugh at me
In triumph, with cheeks so deathly
Cold and pale, and wave at me
Those dreadful banners, with only
One defect, for across each, and every
Streaming ribbon, gleams in lurid colors,
YOU DID NOT ME PROTECT.

MENS CONSCIA RECTI.

GOD'S JUDGMENT.

A mind conscious of right
owes nothing.
This its integrity.

From this height of purity
I give guaranty,
And full surety.

THE MISUNDERSTOOD.

The soul is like a church, with
many pews,
Or a road, with branching avenues,
And, 'tis too much to expect
the light
In each and all of them to burn
Throughout the night, so's to illumine
every pathway,

Of all that's human; and, if you miss
The happiness of being fully understood,
and it is your fate
To have left at every gate, all the things
The world thinks, and says, of you,
though only half
Or none, of it is true; why should you bother
About these shapes of thought,
Pointed into poisoned arrows
And shot at you, unsought.

If, you are only sure you care
not to allure
Them to the deeper wells, where
Your soul in shadow dwells,
for they might disturb,
Perhaps would shun, the beauties
They would find there, one by one;
And, since they often do not know
themselves,
It were too much to expect them to
Discern, much less admit, or learn from you.
You need not worry, or think yourself alone,
Nor fret, nor cry aloud, for indeed,
you are in distinguished
Company, if not a crowd. And for
The world do not break your heart,
if you do not please her,
For there was Christ, Napoleon,
Julius Caesar, and many more,
called madmen, or worse,
In whispers, behind the door.

Be not surprised if society probes
every wound,
That happens to be bleeding,
Since it guards its mighty pillars
from your blood,
And listens to no pleading,
As it sits on high.

And, if your soul sometimes seeks
The coolness, in a shady wood,
to brace
Itself, in solitude, for the pain of
Not being understood, and you
are tempted to cease
Advancing, along the highway,
And cut across into the "primrose path,"
to escape
The sting, and jealous wrath,
The biting irony, the cutting wit,
that comes
In twos, and fours, and threes,
Like the stings of ten thousand bees,
when you
Disturb them, as they make their mell,
At such a time you must expect
no mellifluous sonnet,
Still, your life is worth the value
You choose to put upon it.

And, though the great world is sometimes
rather meeching,
And not always sound, as well, in its teaching,
You must neither scorn, nor let it alone,

For it is one great megastome.
So, if you are tired of the merry
Dance which the wicked lead the weak,
and care
Not to dwell among the legion
Who walk in sorrows region,
shift your sails,
Temper your course, and sail taut
To the wind, remembering you do not
have to go
Always north and south, for when
Badly pressed, you can tack,
sailing, also, east and west.
So, hie your ship, throwing smile
And kiss, to the flotsam of the day,
joining in
A requiem, for the jetsam by the way,
Thrown from sinking craft on
life's highway.

MY COUNTRY.

WRITTEN DURING OUR WAR WITH SPAIN.

Whilst mine eye roves backward to thy cradle
And sees beside thy birth the awful wrong
That rocked thy slumbers, sung by many able
Sons of thine, in glorious song;
There are thy wars grown red
Since then, on thy tumultuous head,
Proving in battle, Columbia, thou art strong!
Brave sons, America, hath thou,
Born from the sufferings
Lined upon thy brow;
And, above thy war-like head,
Waves thy banner with its red
Stripe dangling near the white,
Tearing out, with hearts both firm and true
Every foe who rushed against its blue.

And, proudly from out these many wars
Shines with mighty lustre all thy stars,
Straight caught as from the dome above
Answering, in thundering tones, thy God of love.
Thus laboring above some troublous hours
Thy meadows green piled high with blood,
And across thy rivers towered
In rushing streams its hardihood.
Now the buxom form, which nature dowered

On thee, from out thy mother's womb,
Lies panting, sore with the cold breath
Blown across thy bosom by the spectre, death.

In icy shudderings, thou dost tremble yet,
For across thy heart thy daughter's tears
Benumb its beat, for sons still wept.
Columbia! Great mother!
Hard, but luscious type,
Perfect smiles, brimming tears,
Swiftly changing through the years!

Ample bosom for thy nibbling child,
Browsing son upon thy breast,
That from out thy quickening side
Springs full girth, with love confessed,
In lusty notes, with no shallow ring,
Grudging not his sword to fling
In thy defense!
But, mother, thou hast measured out thy pain,
Since thy brave eyes must look upon thy slain,
Feeling in thy mighty knell
The wounds by which such children fell.

Yet shining far across the sea,
Thy great eyes set on liberty,
Speak in their gaze towards other worlds
And to *all men* that light unfurls!
Telling to all future morrows
The story of thy dead children's sorrows.

As from that day in early spring
With swelling bud basking in the air
And birds with gushing mates were on the wing

Poised towards skies so blue and fair;
Thou smiled around thee, glancing toward the sun,
Grateful to One above thee, for such bliss,
That o'er thy valley and thy mountain hung
So full of life, thy lips all pursed to kiss;
Poured out in glorious breath and sweet,
Thy pent-up love for thy children offered up,
When, there was dashed against thy unsuspecting teeth
Insulting death, from out a poisoned cup.

Thy wide eyes flashed! and turning 'round in rage,
Thou flung thy long arm on thy sword,
In passionate fury the avengeress, to assuage,
And rushed upon this Spanish horde.
So mother! like your woman strong,
Nutured as her brother for lo! how long!
Thou canst smile, also canst thou weep
And turn, when insulted, like a savage born.

Sending out beyond thy western shore
A nation once so haughty to the fighting Moor,
And hung him withering in the chilling breeze
Without hope, except under "Fleur-de-lis."
Now, Columbia, spurning all the hates that blow
Around thy conquering head, once tempest-tossed,
Lift clear thy brave gleams, and throw,
Thy light beyond and over all the deeply-crossed.

And from the zenith of thy towering height,
Beckon still the suffering of the earth's dark night
Pluck from their souls the "canker worm"
Till loving thee they in passion burn.

"He is not worthy of the honey-comb
That shuns the hive because the bees have stung,"
Here the many peoples not loved at home
Should melt themselves, and o'er thy forests roam,
Believing in Columbia, by whose cool ponds
Topple brown and full of height her own fair fronds.

Columbia, my Queen! cradled out of sorrow,
Teach the Nations how to dwell in love
Securing to thyself the boon, which all of them may borrow
The olive branch held out by the dove.

THE LIBERTINE.

You are one who likes to hear the widow sigh,
And smile your best to see the orphan cry;
And if you can stain the virgin's lofty soul
You have conquered life, and reached your only goal.
Also, you are on the mocker's staff,

When the mourner weeps, you only laugh.
When the pilgrim wanders dull and lonely by
You are he too ashamed to sigh.
The songs of woe you consider sweet,
And joys best mood put underneath your feet.
For you are that hopeless thing
The libertine, with an easy fling.

TO MY ARCH-ENEMY.

SELF-APPOINTED

Between the scale of genius, and of fool
Is a being incomplete,
Called mediocrity,
But, measuring his meanness
By the malevolence he breeds,
He's the genuine lord of aristocracy.

Bold hunter he, gathering the
Fruits of easy victory,
Born in his mind, with anxious pain,
By this man spawned of Cain.
Should I throw my hand to him
Across the chasm,
Fellow made of mud, not protoplasm,
I should read his labels wide
Pasted thick upon his hide.

O, this fellow he is trembling,
For his power is on the wane,
And they hail him not as fellow,
Since he walks not in their train;
For his pot of boiling malice
Keeps him stirring, day and night,
This greedy child of fortune
Compelling me to fight;

As he thinks, when he drinks,
The concoction that he brews,
But for all his boiling
It is always badly spoiling;

I would have you know
Enemy most arch,
Self-appointed, self-annointed
That you are
That I can not disgrace my country
By fighting with a fly,
My country does not do it, nor do I.

For, let me see, what do we know of the fly
But, that would spoil my page, let's pass it by.
When I fight, 'tis with a man
And he must be my equal, match that if you can
So according to *my* code duello
Not at *your* service.—Isabella.

THE ROMANCE OF A ROSE.

EXCEPTIS FACTIS.

Once upon a lazy summer day
As the hours went idly by,
In a garden, full of flowers,
And gorgeous with the butterfly;
Here and there a singing bird,
And a droning bee or two,

Dancing in the waves of light,
Sun-swept, after morning dew;
There bent a proud, and haughty head,
Of deep red rose, near waters darkly blue,
Gushing sweet from founts, and never weary,
Of the lavish sprays, with which they shed
Their waters on her, and quite cheery,
As they laughed, and gurgled by,
Stealing, as they passed, more color from the
summer sky,
And sparkles of sunburst floating down,
Nestled deep, within the ruby crown,
Of this rose of fair renown;

This deep-red rose, queen of them all,
Growing close to the garden wall,
Touching, gently, with her drooping head,
The emerald moss, that gently spread
Over the rocks, its robes of green,
Kissing the violets, that grew between.

As they nestle close, within her fold,
Blushing to find themselves so bold.
As softly they watch the tender tint
Of the fragrant hyacinth,
And play possum
With nodding apple-blossom.

While a butterfly brave fellow,
Delicate white and yellow,
Sips his fill of the roses' heart,
Quarreling with all at the start
And grows wroth at purple moth.

And behaves quite cruel,
In the butterfly duel,
Until conquered, by a big brown one, with pink
Markings on its wing,
Who flew upon the deep-red rose
To have its fling.

And rising from Summer mists
As if flurried from too much sleeping,
A crimson bird begins to sing,
And to the rose goes weeping,
Out its trills of liquid notes
Starting all the warbling throats,
Within the locust boughs,
Caroling, with joy, their cries,
As their voices rise,
Over all the bloom,
Of the Summer afternoon,
That wafted sped

To the rose so deep and red,
Who exhales out her perfume,
For them all,
As they flutter, and surround her,
Protesting to each other
To be the favored lover,
And to have crowned her
With the glorious beauty, she now wore.
At this, the crimson bird flew down, and tore,
A deep red petal, and carried it in its bill
To its waiting mate, beyond the hill.
The others seeing him do this harm,

Decide the rose has no more charm,
Which alarms her,
Until a robin had his way,
And said, lets hear what she has to say.
Here the violet lifts its head,
And the laughing waters read
The jealousy of them all.
Where were now the happy songs
They once sang, of her beauty,
Had the roses' wrongs
Taught them not their duty?
Had not her sweet scent

All been spent, at their call?
Fie upon you all!
Spake the ravished rose:
It seems to me if I chose
To treat you with contempt
My time would be better spent.
But you forget that memory is tender,
And I grieve to find among my lovers
no defender.

But tho' you have robbed me of my scent,
It seems to me my charms are not all spent.
I am not stiff, for curved is my beauty,
And my bit of tangled brown
Gives me, it seems, unique renown.
Lending me a rich effect
Nothing crude can one detect,
And as you look at me from every side
I am still the pet, the family pride.

While nature did not my thorns omit
They point well and do not dip,
And my calyx is proportioned nicely
Oblong, not too small, supports me quite precisely,
And did so, in fact even when I was plain
And it can't be said that I treat lesser roses with disdain.

Even tho' I often see some withered leaves
Among their perfect sheaves
And shyly with a glance I often turn
And spy a hole made by a worm!
I notice, too, they sometimes are so light
Their stamens are finished up with mottled green.

Mercy, it would shame me to be seen!
Even tho' I know I am so bright
And make many others look like night
Why I do not know,
Except that nature made me so.
Here some young blossoms, opened wide their dewy
eyes
Smiling, innocently, in pleased surprise.
You are all you say O, queen
And yet what made your worth
Was just your odor, not your beauty and your birth
While letting it be stolen you have given bad example,
But we have had fair warning ample.

For a rose without a scent
Is dreadful punishment.
It would not even be so bad
If you only had

A notion where 'tis gone,
Such carelessness is wrong.
Like the rose we too, are often tossed
Poor blossom could not trace her odor—lost,
And the influence the example that we give,
Is the only thing about us that will live,
But they roll away, go beyond our ken,
Our example, good and bad, has its mission then.

THE SOLITAIRE.

You will find the longer you live
That the world does not like overmuch to give,
In fact considers itself unawake
Unless it knows better how to take.
And perhaps 'twill be your fate to find
Like old Homer, starved and blind
That you have not a single worthy friend
As you journey towards the end.

Believe me when you go your loss
Will not be felt, for like Christ,
You are not eternal, on the cross;
Nor like he, of varied mood
Who served Mohammedans their spiritual food,
Who believed in contradiction and in strife

For he had the sword, and many a wife,
The sword he used, but the wives sometimes were not
allowed to sneeze,
These, of course, were desperately hard to please.

And were, no doubt, pushed hurriedly to the rear,
When the prophet suggested they were queer.
Which is done, too, in other countries, you will find
When dependent wives develop too much mind.
But in the Orient a woman is soon old,
And when that happens, is not over-bold,
Nor does she, wisely, develop any art,
As she only has a section, if any, of her master's heart.

And he always has his mind, they say,
On others who are younger, whose ways are gay.
Over there the suffrage question has not opened yet,
And a woman simply breathes, who is no longer pet.
Of course, in the Occident, women are in the fight,
For the privilege of wider social right,
Where now, and then, a crafty one driven to the wall,
Seizes man's prerogatives, trousers and all.

For the trodden unit, human,
Is stepped upon hardest, when it's a woman.
Many doomed to live on the memory of past joy,
Or, be only slave kindly used as a precious toy.
I find this a question to be handled with care,
Those who understand it, unfortunately, are rare.
For tho' I should talk currently, and be exact,
'Twould be, almost, like discussing science abstract.

Which could be made, I'll admit, with variety,
But there's danger of leading to satiety,
For it would be as intricate as theorem mathematic,
The result not nearly as emphatic;
Nor as beautiful as a fine poem, or essay,
For the question does not run that way.
For persons differ in their choice of bliss,
There is no exception, then, in this.

For often the man who over women rave,
Is the first to demand they shall be slave.
'Tis a question associated in the mind like rural scenes,
Which we know are symphonies in many greens,
For often we think to green we're true,
Until we glance at the sky, serenly blue.
And when we think to be in love with innocence white
We suddenly admit she's nice, but trite.

And the ignoble reason for our change of tack,
Is that we have met a fairy who is black.
For there's nothing in the changing human-sea
Half as rare as consistent devotee.
Often there lies in our path of duty
Something we do not own, which is full of beauty,
For virtue often starts the heart beating so loud and fast
Producing feelings too violent to last.

And, though, sublimity is grand, it is not calm,
Beauty gives more pleasure, is a gentler balm,
For the virtue that pleasure can despise,
Is of the quality that stares death coldly in the eyes.
Is too high, and grand, for every day,

Demanding special lovers, in a special way.
Mediocrity alone is safe,
All that carries else must chafe.

For if one is capable, and vigorous,
One must expect the censor rigorous,
No matter what the talent in the mind
For no kind of genius is ever blind.
And if you have a touch of all you are
Different from others, very far,
And carry around so much commodity,
You earn the name you get, the oddity.

For no matter how others may admire,
They dislike the extraordinary when 'tis not for hire.
And hate to bow to personal might,
Though secretly acknowledging its right.
And may admit that talent has its special manger,
But are more alive to its special danger,
Which it has, one would be without wit,
Who would not acknowledge it.

But then everything is dangerous that has vitality,
Yet this quality is the principal ingredient in morality.
For no one can have virtues, great and high,
Without special effort of the verb *to try.*
And one can not play on heroic strings
Until one has accomplished lesser things.
And to be able to look on death with contempt
Requires hardiness of life well-spent.

Vitality it is, that hurries in every rebel,
'Tis this kind of huskiness, misplaced, found in the devil.

Who will raise his ponderous hammers weighing many
tons,
Beside whose heavy labors, Vulcan's were easy ones.
For the human is a being decidedly complex,
There's many beside church and state he manages to vex.
But then this is hardly the affair
Of a woman who chooses to be a solitaire.

Who sits aside, like Job, the man of Uz,
Declining to take part in the general buzz.
For I hardly think that any one denies
That many people are only human flies.
Not satisfied to sit upon, and tickle your Grecian nose
They must investigate its reality, adding to your woes.
And often, as they did to me, knock upon your head
Denying it to be your own, as well as the auburn-red
Locks that cover it, the length

Adding to their envy, giving strength.
Not only this, you almost faint
When they challenge the color in your face as paint.
And thump you, here and there,
Seeking to discover some secret snare,
And if you're not a masquerade,
So effectually do you put them in the shade.
With your classically-molded form
You are always the centre of a storm.

This is sad. I hate to steal
From actual experience and reveal
What a mighty grasp
Meanness has on small minds. The task

Gives me no joy, is a subject hard to clothe,
For 'tis one, I will admit, I loathe.
And savors of lions skin expected to pass
In glory, covering the braying ass.

And no muse could soar
Under the inspiration of such a roar.
Who will blame that instead of such bore
The solitaire should ponder over "quaint and forgotten lore"
And count them not lonely hours
When spent with brightest flowers
Of God-given mind
Whose greatness of soul is not left behind.

And give some poet of high genius, full praise
Since he conceives things differently from the common ways
Of mind, like vampires, who not only seize
Upon a bleeding wound—but make new ones with ease.
Let me be not supposed to have no sympathy with the everyday and lowly,
For they are my passion, their sighs are holy,
No soul can lay claim to anything that's lofty
Who sings not of these, in notes as softly.

The common heart is a thing that calls aloud,
Covered with a ragged shroud.
'Tis not this, that comes within the rule
Of my righteous ridicule;
But rather the disgusting human top
To whom I throw a merited sop;

For whom I have not the slightest pity
It grieves me to say, I've met her in this city.

It is not pleasant to have people stare violently at your eyes,
Assailing them with some ancient lies.
Because they are not stupid like the ox, and large
They find them open to some other charge.
And your mouth, like Cupid's bow,
They will say is coarse, in expression low.
Worse than this you will have a letter sent,
Advising you, ambition to relent.

And telling you to take a ride
Upon some path of suicide.
This is true, as true can be,
Was done once and more than once to me.
So it seems, that if you wish to live
You must take more than you give,
For it requires greater talent to omit
For, like wickedness, things are easier to commit.

Still without my lines upon the solitaire
My book of verses would not be fair.
For, I plead guilty to belonging to myself
Here then, are some of the reasons why I put myself on the shelf,
And deny invitations, with a persistence not polite,
But there has been cause sufficient, quite.
Whether the world or I· is right or wrong,
Is a question too broad for lyric song.

MORNING.

There comes a flush of ether through
The sky,
There sings a lark
Exultingly, on high,
As, from its home it soars, for its accustomed fly.

Across the meadows skim the warbling thrush,
Lying low,
In flocks.
And the bubbling clover stoops to blush.

Alone, above the lush of waving grass
The bobolink calls,
His mate,
And, flying towards the sky, they pass.

Also, the lilies, drinking deep of light,
Hold up their torches,
Waking from the night,
Ready to dazzle, with their yellow light.

There deepens from the shadows of the woodland vale,
A purple violet,
Tipped with dew,
Hiding from fronds of green leaves pale.
These things, true to love's delight,
Waken from the slumber
Of a summer night,
And above, like a king, comes the sun, with new-made
light.

IN THE SERVICE OF THE SOUL.

Bitterness and malice
Are the devil's chalice,
Held to lips by enmity.
Deny them, defy them,
In the service of the soul.

Make no terms with Mammon,
Craven, futile, weak,
Seeing that his weapons
Are not those you seek.

And though you die a Martyr
With a tragic ending,
Be alive, and do the things you believe.
Judge not of tomorrow
By mistaken yester-night,
Come right now and press along,
Building all your might.

What is not your own you know,
No one else can borrow,
Liberty and love I trow,
Lead none into sorrow.

Stretch forth the hand of hope,
Unafraid of it they call your Master,
For the serfdom of the soul
Is the one disaster.

Nature out of harmony
Like a flow that has no ebb,
Is the lowest one of us
In the human webb.

Like the gentle softness
Of a sweet Aeolian harp
Sing to the erring brother
Of our common warp.

Be not afraid, call no man *Master,*
From early morn, to dewy eve,
Liberty attach to your spinning weave,
Build your day, with love renew,
Hide from your view
The thing called fear,
Parent of the human tear.

The thing, which when you make confession,
Brings on your head the heel oppression.
Yourself be master,
Your life make real,
The unit, free, in the common wheel.
Spurn the world of many hates,
That tie your soul to shaking gates,
In tottering drifts, that lead nowhere.
Be not afraid.

Forget not the commoner whom
Men call Christ,
Whose rebellion nailed Him
For life's span in deathless triumph

The independent man!
And the guilty ones who stood his
Masters in the name of the state
And of the law
Are bound together, despised units,
In the harmonious unfolding lent
By God.

The world has those
It calls its masters.
Hideous might in Centuries slaughters;
Vampires, opening wounds, and
Wounding,
Destroying life, yet call it freedom,
Gazing on the bound Prometheus
Exulting in the iron shackles of
Rock-bound serf, the tyrant Monarchs
Whet their jaws for more devouring;
Yes, masters of the world;

Who come forth with blood-coined
Weapons,
Shining red with reeking millions.
Many names these masters carry,
On through years of borning children
Who tremble when they new awaken
Into a world they think is free.
And into their various meshes,
They toss young minds, like
Quarreling fish, tumbling in a net,
Who dance around, hopeless,
Confused in frenzied tangle;

Missing things in nature's open book.
The teeming and quiet forest,
Pines fringing, banked against
The mountain top.
The pensive beauty of silvered
Morning breaking,
And bright color the birthright
Of all of ye—since it is
In sky, in flower, on bird,
And sea.

And free you are to hear
The mighty throng of seeing singers,
Who spin no webs too frail
To hold our hearts for long;
Who gather up our cry of pain,
Wind it on their bobbins, and
Throw to us again.
Embroidered o'er with all our tears,
And keenest pangs, without
Meed, or parise,
If only they our hopes can raise,
In the service of the soul.

A PRAYER TO MEMORY.

The chime strikes. I count the
hour,
And listen,
To the
Midnight bell, a tolling;

From a chamber of my brain,
there
Comes a
Sudden flood,
Of by-gone times,
Hearkening to the silver chimes, a-rolling;

And, at intervals, as the sudden
glow
Steals softly,
And I borrow;
Just the faintest light from the

Darkest night, overwhelming me,
with
Sorrow; and
I supplicate,
For a bitter fate enthrals me,

And I tremble; it would do
no good
And 'twere
Hardihood
To dissemble; for my prayer

At last, has held me fast,
and
Memory
Is cruel;
For I see the clover bloom,

While the water gleams,
and
The meadows
Green and growing;
And the pattering rain falls again,

And holds me; while the sweetness
forgets
Me not,
As the roses'
Hearts fall apart, their petals

On me showering; and I count
the
Hour, as
Time dips
Back, I shudder and lay cowering;

For the midnight bell knows as
well

That memory
Will have
No quiet;
And my prayer to her, for

Indifference, she mistook
for
Invitation,
And, obediently
Quite royally,
She gives me this ovation.

THE DEAD SEA.

Love, and self, went out to walk one day,
Self wondered what the walk would cost,
If it would pay, and turned to love
To see what she would say.

Love said she hardly knew, but
She would try, by casting a little
Joy around her, on the sly,
Then, returning, see it multiply.

So they argued, and each went a
Different road. Self, on pleasure

Bent, lost everything he sought.
Love returning with a monstrous load,
Beaming with things her scattered joy had wrought.

That is funny, said self to love,
The wind your way must be blowing,
No, said love to self, this is just the
Harvest, of my early sowing.

Go, said self to love, you must let me be,
Buried in the stagnant waters of the deep Dead Sea.
Ah, said love she was so kind
I do not like to leave thee, self behind,
Follow me, I shall go before,
And show you how to open every door.

THE DUEL.

"And the rain descended, and the flood came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell; and great was the fall of it."—Matt. VII. 27, 28.

He was fair-haired, blue-eyed,
Innocent-looking, cold and bold,
Beloved of Mercury, not too young, not too old.
She was very young, brown-eyed, auburn-haired and intense,

L. of C.

He described her as a girl without much sense.
Or, if she had any, she used it wrong,
However, what he thought does not concern my song.

Her nature glowed, and burned,
In so many different moods,
He said, she lived on the devil's foods.
And she reigned within his breast as
Wife, not mistress, it must be confessed,
For if she had been both, she would then attain,
The honor and the triumph, of woman's reign.

And he full privileged to say
Believe me, I have lived today.
And also to boast, I have done my duty,
For besides virtue, I am crowned with beauty,
Noble, well-designed, charming and refined,
And my body is worthy of my mind.
But she was willful, often sad.
He was a cool, sang-froid cad.

She was a poem in herself.
All he loved was sordid pelf.
He was inscrutable, as a diplomat,
He said she had no tact,
And was given to reflect,
He hated signs of intellect.
She was not in vogue,
He much preferred a rogue.

Tho' he would not say so she had as much sense
As if she had not been a beauty
As such, she offended against the spirit of love

Which exacts no such duty.
For he could live alone by the light within her eye,
Feed on the red of her lips and in their glowing die.
She thought she could measure herself with him,
But sang instead the *dies irae* hymn.

For his Judas kiss
Cradled the serpent's hiss.
After which, she could go in coldness to the tomb
And leave behind her all the bloom
For love had drank and soared away.
He had met another maiden that very day
Had held her soul within his kiss
Her life, as well, she paid for bliss.

For he was cold as ice,
Love and passion long forgotten for more convenient vice,
Showing in his constant grin
That he was quite at home in sin.
And he would exchange any future treasure
For an hour or two of present pleasure.
For vows, like laws, were not for him
Had long ago grown pale and dim.

Life had not been one radiant dream
Since they had walked hand in hand by the old mill stream,
And listened to the gentle chiming of the
Swinging bell in the tiny chapel tower,
Its tenderness long forgotten in the present hour.
For he daily to Bacchus sacrificed

The festival prolonged beyond the ides of March,
Liberal by habit, he hated narrow starch.

The hardy virtue of rectitude
Did not suit his imperial mood.
He was too busy living to have time for thought,
This the burden which his life had wrought.
He frankly admitted, himself he did not vex,
With questions outside the realm of hunger and of sex.
Simple doctrine, very, not complex.

His wife had a somewhat more difficult part,
Was beside poet, a being of most ingenious art,
Daedalian to describe her would not be cruel,
So you see why they would clash in duel.
He had a slight knowledge of many things
But could not soar with her on spirit wings.
And all he did was very thin,
Sciolists are given to this special sin.

While she could work hours at a stretch
The most he could do was to sketch.
'Twould take me too long to give at length,
The reasons for her unusual strength,

'Twill do however to say
She had been trained in a scientific way,
Hard, cold, minutely exact,
Disciplined like a soldier. This is fact.
While the soil from which he sprang
Was strewn with flowers and gay daffodils so yellow
And he had too much money that he did not earn, the
dear, dear fellow.

True, he was thought to know something of Homer, the
inventive
And of Virgil the classic. There had been incentive
In the study of Seneca and Euripedes
Supposed with Plato, to be antipedes
Of ancient philosophy and poetry.
Cato told him 'twas better to be husband good
Than greatest Senator in the wood,
So he knew some philosophic preaching
If he gave no ear to Christian teaching.

Which he did not,
Tho' the lady gave it thought.
This wife was unique, and something more
Wish I knew exactly through what door
The genius passed and knelt, before
It grew in size, and full degree
And worked its way so steadily
With firmness of its own towards destiny.

Leaping all barriers, urged on by fire,
To fix, and accomplish, its mad desire.
Heated in a whirl of special bliss,
As intoxicating as a lover's kiss.

Noble, full, and fertile, a snare
For homage, and for tenderness.
Let me see, Caesar loved Brutus
Yet Brutus gave the fatal blow,
The bible puts it this way: "ye reap only what ye sow."
No one's page stands blank forever,
Wickedness dares much, ignorance is less clever,

But far more frail,
Has much to learn, as she "adorns her tale."

Wickedness understands the art of speaking,
Yet nothing reveal,
As well as that of silence,
Yet nothing conceal.
Wickedness dwells not, like poet,
High above the strife,
Working in clouds apart,
On olympic heights of art.

Where he would rather adjust his glass,
On things below that pass.
And gaze down through clearer level,
On those who work for God, and devil.

Truth is always truth, few will take her part
Fewer still, to clothe her well with art.
For Truth to exploit
One must be adroit.
Yet sometimes such an ugly thing as fact
May be turned into fiction, with tact.
With inspiration and enough of youth
One may romance even with the truth.

And make it masquerade as the weaker one
Shining only by reflected rays of some passing sun.
Like the moon is said to do,
If what they say is true.
A master-mind can take the most
Repulsive themes

And turn them, with its art, into
Sweetest dreams.

Which is only another way of saying
The stronger mind commands the mentally blind,
Whose sight is hazy
Like nations gone crazy.
For states sometimes are so busy
With the passions of men
Teaching them the way to behave,
That they are like one who learns
A lesson at some cherished grave,
Valued only when the victim dies,
Covered with cypress bough, and in patience lies
Asleep. What would you do?

Christian would not die a Jew,
Nor Jew be Christian thinker,
Moslem would be neither,
Christian slave, or Jewish tinker.
My duelist—I'll call him Paul—
Had no sort of time
For the muses nine,
Hated worst of all, a poet
Nor would he re-invite
One who did indite
Song, sonnet, or virelay,

Would if he met him go some other way,
For he hated badly to be stung,
Would swim the river first. Once he flung
Himself into the lake,

When some satire made him quake.
O, this is true, you may believe,
I'm not trying to weave
A romance, between the hours
Of morn and night,

And crowd written pages of right and might,
Because, with him there was a chance
To ride the tide of circumstance.
For he could buy anything under the sun
Except the soul of his poet-wife, the stubborn one.
She gave her heart, that was enough,
Her soul was made of more rugged stuff.

Would rather tempt an ugly sea, by far,
Then lay, in shelter, inside the bar
Close-wedded to his side.
Free from danger of flood and tide.
So, you see they viewed from different banks,
He thought genius made for insult, she for thanks,
Not believing in "Utopia" for he had "Acres" of his own,
While his master-passion, vanity, was badly overgrown.
It impelled him to dislike what he called her dreams
Yet if dream she did—she could also see and her themes
Would a benefaction be.
She had then her griefs so had he,
He amused himself, she was not free
Misery held her honor for its fee.

Their disputes waxed warm
He drew his "sword" to harm,
She had nothing better than her "pen",

With which to be avenged. But then
A pen will sometimes unmake kings,
As well as write fables of "waxen wings"
For a pen can reach up, out, beyond, above,
Linger caressingly o'er a tale of love,
Tenderly indite a soulful prayer,
Soothe with soft echoes, cankering care.

For genius is not the thing to stammer
When hit repeated blows by fortune's hammer,
Even when such potency deals in slander, paid
For, and peddled—shade by shade—
To suit every degree of caste
Such stuff does not stick—cannot last,
For genius is used to scars,
Gained in battles, of many wars,
Sent by fate to test its worth,
Against the pride of money, sometimes of birth.

For nothing can consume
This power—it only melts away,
Admits no antagonist—made not of its clay.
Opposes nothing vibrating along its way,
For genius is so well-dowered
She appears with innocence to be flowered,
Even while working day and night at Vulcan's forge,
Or climbing high mountains of icy gorge.

This thing the lady's husband
Described as lack of common sense,
His way of resenting the offense
Of gifts, he did not understand,

For he was too small of mind to take her by the hand,
For Genius is just common sense greatly magnified,
Broadened by a mighty sweep o'er the human tide.
So each wheeled around again coming face to face,
Is a woman equal to a man in such a race?

And if she is gifted too, he depraved and wealthy
Who is victor in the duel—the rich one or the healthy?
For they parted, he sits upon his money bags alone,
Carrying around with him the fabled stone.
He sailed away, leaving her behind,
Poor in money, but rich in health, in beauty and in mind,
And took with him as captive, a bond between the two,
An innocent, curly-headed lad, eyes of brown not blue.

LOVE NEEDS NO DEFENSE.

Love needs no defense, for love is all.
Cast love from you, and 'tis then you fall.
Be not ashamed to own it, men,
For you are not a man 'till then.
For great love is pure and whole,
It guides aright, the struggling soul.

There is no soul so great and strong
To go, unsupported, through this world for long.

Love rests, like a sweet flower, against your cheek,
Let no one tell you that to love is weak.

Be not ashamed to love her, men,
Go you, deluded, until then,
For loving her, and by that to stand
It will also follow that you will love your land
The country you know best,
The mother that nursed you on her breast.

And, it will follow that when you love the partner of your life,
Who bears to you the sacred name of wife,
That your country, your God, and humanity you can not profane
For God, and country, humanity and love are all the same.

"Survival of the fittest," is not the thing to teach,
For there is no survival then, all is out of reach.
There is no "end" that would justify such "means"
Preachers of such doctrines indulge in idle dreams.

For Nemesis is the great unspoken law,
That follows in the wake of unit, and of nation,
There's another law that stands right in with them,
Latin, talionis,—English, retaliation.

"Survival of the fittest"—Nemesis—retaliation,
When dissected, will spell the one word, *hate,*
The curse of unit, and of nation.
But love is a tree, where all of life may bloom,

Only those who believe and understand, will be kind,
Then Nemesis will, perforce, go blind.
For where there is love there will be desire, to give,
And to give of what you have
Is why you ought to live.

Love, then, is the universal alkahest.
For love will manifest itself in a desire for beauty,
Love will live, undaunted, and blossom out in duty,
Love will buoy you up, make of you a thing distinct,
A character—the end—the means—the link
Whereby you are a prophet.

MAGDALEN.

For every life is good to Him.
He knows, He must, what drives to sin.
Her woman-soul may be moving below
And be only crusted o'er with icy woe.

Perhaps, if we were kind, the hidden spark
Would brighten from the barnacles,
Where love had missed the mark;

And not for us to ask the wherefore,
Why, and whence, since she has
Loved the wrong one, without reason,
Rhyme, or sense.

Perhaps, if we knew it all,
We would not wonder at the fall.
Her aim, maybe, once, was just as true
As his, who leaves her now, the bitterness to rue.

And, it maybe, her soul somewhere had a morning,
Though "the true, the good, the beautiful" died a-borning.
And, though, every hall she's trod upon
Since her fatal storm,
Bears to her, the old familiar shape, the cruciform.

And, like Jesus, who asked for friends,
The rarest things on earth,
She has had thrown to her, like Him,
Slaves, tired out with sin.

It may be, in the battle of the human,
There's a place on the firing line,
For this wasted woman.
For when one has wounds in mind,
In soul, in heart, it is not
Always easy to see the better part.

And, mayhap, she will see God
As He is, upon a brighter morrow,
For death never has better Captains,
Than sin, and blight, and sorrow.

SHELLEY.

If thou didst err, "there was no joy in error,
Put pain and insult, and unrest, and terror."
Coined from such depths 'twas thy deep heart that spoke,
And from thy sufferings, such magic beauty 'woke.
The matchless music of thy singing word,
Still around the world is heard,
Its fiercely-blazing flame
Has twined the fadeless laurel around thy name .

Thou shouldst have smiled thy sweetest smile
At the amusing race of kings;
Thou shouldst not have revolted at some lesser things,
Nor bothered with them in thy lyric song,
Mistaken in thy sight, yet could not bow to wrong,
No, Shelley, boy, thou hadst a twisted view,
For there was then, as now, nothing new.
Man is simple, soon run through.

Strength is an offense, even when such strength
Is bought with loss of joy—
Shelley—how can they say atheist to such a boy—
Whose love for the oppressed was so great,
Whose own life was snarled so with fate.
She, to whom you did such an awful wrong,
May, ignorantly, have asked what use was thy song.

'Tis hard, I know, to live without sympathy, at our side,
But this did not excuse the forsaking of thy bride.

"O weep for Adonais" I wish I could forget,
'Twas the "snake and eagle met",
Exquisite child, genius of all disaster
Thy life was frail, like thine own "Alastor,"
Noble, generous, original—and yet—
Sweet lyric singer—I will forget.
For boy thou didst pay the debt.

———

NATURE IS JUST LAUGHING AT US ALL.

Those who can feel for our suffering race,
Those who can see the depths of its disgrace,
Those who know the sinning of this life,
Faltering at its meaning,
Fainting at its strife;

Who see the frantic chasing of its idle fancies,
The perplexing puzzle of its mystic out-of-reach,
The seducing force in the calling on to pleasure,
The failure of antagonistic sects as they try to teach;
The mocking discord of each particular part,
Thrown to the craving, crying human heart.

The terrible ardor of the human brain,
Trying, by its own strength, to live, in vain,
The suppliant beseeching of the human soul
The despair of the animal, that he cannot reach the goal.
The knowledge to the singer, as he sings his song
That we are but the interest-bearing debt of some mighty wrong.

That nature, after all, is but toying with us all.
That all our dreams are but just her means,
Nature is just laughing at us all.
Against all this we have no defense,
Nature's cruel hunger, as she eats her way,
Aiming first at this one, and then the other,
For to nature's power we all will fall a prey,
Nature is just laughing as she goes her wanton way.

CLEOPATRA.

What says the Nile so sweet?
Charmian, send my newly-purchased slave,
She of the persuasive feet.
Mix me a draught to drown my sorrows in
And, from yonder rose let me sip, and win,
Some honey.
Ah, she comes that temple of love, my bayadere!
Of languorous voice—soft and fair.

Lilac, lily, lotus, all in one,
And poppy, as intoxicating as my Egyptian sun.
She turns my head, like the Nile, blood-red.
Charmian, off with her jeweled slipper
Just a peep, at her tiny feet,
And the blue-embroidered tunic, too near her hair
Remove, a gauze instead, throw on.
Bring flame and perfume, near
And the Cypress, sent from Rome.
This stain upon my cheek wipe out.

A wound—you say?
Come, fan me—away.
I dreamed last night.
Octavia! Ugh! Octavia!
Come, cover me with spices
My heart, and brain, are on fire
And Antony is in Rome!
There, his neck is torn in twain
He will not come so near again
And circle 'round and 'round,
When I'm in pain.
And mock me, when I call;
Charmian, crush his throat,
He frets and pines,
He has sung his song, and sings it yet again,
His quivering strain hurts my pain.
His ecstasy I will not endure,
Charmian, is there no cure?

Let's watch the teeming fishes, go in and out the rushes,
Yon declining sun can tell me not, Octavia,

The story of thy virtues, one by one;
This skin of brown, and these narrow eyes
Are they not rich, like my Egyptian skies?
In me, are there not as many shades of beauty
All brilliant, as the day?
And my voice vibrant and rich?
Yet when he spoke
My soul awoke.
Have I a soul?
Double-sexed I?
Both man, and woman,
Half-beast, half-human.
What strange fate gave him to her, and not to me?
Octavia, would the fishes of the sea
Could devour, and swallow thee.
For Antony was drunk of me.

Charmian, could I but with him rove,
Through some olive or ilex grove;
Could by-gone times come back again
Dim vista that now remain
But, I am Egypt's Queen!
Drank I in, with yon salubrious air
From woman, given as my nurse,
The voluptuous of the East,
My Egyptian curse.
My father's favorite slave, Zaidee,
Mark how Monarch bent his knee!
Ah, Charmian, yawn I, and pant, and dream
To lie again near yonder stream,
Near him, my mate;
See the shadows of night roll on
Find sleep for him, and me, was gone;

When he doth gaze at me, turn I so nervously,
That the thunders in the sky, before me fly!
Could I but breathe him once,
Then die!
Octavia, thy poor and petty life
As virtuous, as loyal wife, will cease.
Nay, I will not shrink nor cower,
Triumph and power
Are mine.

Women and men bend to me,
Not I to them.
She lives now, and I
I only dream.
Yet my dreaming is not worse
Than her living,
It would seem.

Charmian, the rain falls,
Hear it patter against the walls!
Incline your head to Isis, and say,
Monarchs do not need to pray.
Leave I that to Jew, to dancing woman,
To slave and you.

For my power is founded upon myself.
The lute take down,
Strike one chord,
Hang it up again,
I want my lord.
The ligament between me and him,
Is not what pagan calls a sin.

Sorrow does seem to me so coy,
Sorrow, they say, always follows joy.
Octavia is just his wife
I am his mistress, and his life!
Wives, those auxiliaries of the state,
Something less than human,
Man prefers the beast in woman.

That superior Roman thing,
Take up yon lute, strike another string,
Is more superior than her master,
This the slave's disaster.
For she has knowledge,
She has skill,
He is master, he has will.

She has been taught, like all her race,
Not to look him in the face.
Lucky is yon fair Grizel
For she does not know her hell,
For across her light
They have drawn the darkest night.

Women may be taught, like men,
Put down that lute, take it up again.
How the twilight makes me pain,
For my soul, have I a soul, is not at peace,
Twilight will the pain increase.

This has been a brilliant day,
Stretching, mellowing, away.
Yon dancing-woman, with so much grace,

So much charm of form, and face,
With such music in her feet,
And such softness in her name,
Does not have within her vein
The horrible agony of my pain.

No law was made for me
Such things I disown,
My intellect is king,
I have beacons of my own,
And, they tell me that in Rome!
But hark! yon bayadere must change her tone
Her eyes, her feet, her voice,
Too suggestive are.

Hand me yon chrystal vase,
Nay, nay, do not walk away,
I shall be brief. Yon bayadere
Is thief,
And, like my Nile, she is too red,
But we will not shower curses on her head,
For she lives only by my power,
I can have her strangled any hour,
And thrown to the fishes,
In among the rushes.
All her passion, all her sorrow, all her joy,
Are for me to toy.
Enough.
My glory as a Queen,
For I am Egypt's Queen!

Ah, Charmian, my soul, my life, my all,
My woman's great desire,

Reflects but the passion of my Egypt's fire,
And quivering I lay,
All woman, yes woman, but woman I say;

Fiercer grows the splendor of the setting sun,
Pouring over me, and over all,
Melting as it dies, and stretching far away,
Into darkness, into silence, after day;
And night comes on,
And Antony, Mark Antony is in Rome.
Queen and woman are alone.

Panting, dreaming, all my sleep is gone,
There is no mate to greet,
No flashing eye of love
Gazing down at me;
Naught but dreaming of the past,
Of nights that could not last.
Come, slave, and wave
Yon broad-leafed palm,
And scatter over me the rippling gold
Of the heart of yonder lotus.
Suffering I lie, as the twilight breeze
Wafts me, in memory, to Roman seas.
Take down my hair, perfume with sandal-wood my feet,
I would be cool, I would sleep.

Turn on me your melancholy eye,
For in his arms I can not lie,
Let flame and music die.
Open yon lattice,
Let Egypt's silver moon creep,
With silence, and night, and sleep.

THE PICTURE.

To Teresa L. Contessa de S——. Rome

Here is the story of your unfortunate sister, told in verse. I have never forgotten that morning in Pere-la-Chaise. The absolute ruin of a beautiful and gifted woman will always be one of the profoundly sad things of life, even though human judgment tells us no one was to blame but herself. There is no accounting for the peculiarities of the artistic temperament, which led a woman like Pauline into her terrible error, after refusing so many admirable men, so much better suited to her high rank, genius and true womanhood. Had she not met the Frenchman, she would now be known as the great woman she was, instead of only a heart memory to her friends—failure and suicide to the Parisians.

A long time ago
Near the beauteous forest of Fontainebleu,
There was born, near an abbey dark and low,
A man-child, who had a pleasant way,
He had temperament, let us say,
And poverty, made emphatic—
By the usual one room and an attic,
And although a vine had been taught
To twine around the window pane.
Its luxuriance tried to conceal in vain,

'Till shadowed by some pitying trees
That harbored every careless breeze
And sent it murmuring, to the cottage door,
Still, this home was poorest of the poor,
And had it not been for government heart
This child would not have been saved to art.
Still, as his temperament grew
The folly that goes with it fairly flew,
And led him into a curious marriage,
With one who thought his aims inane.

Till, finally tiring of this imperious wife
His art becoming crippled by constant strife,
He nad her conveniently declared insane.
In this way quieted the recriminations
That prevented him from getting on,
Whether he lived in Paris, at Rome, or in Dijon.
So, when he thus her violence could hush,
He again took up the artist's brush,
And moved into a fine salon
Where he soon felt quite at home.

And met a fair aristocrat
Of the finest type of Rome,
In an apartment next his own,
Drawn to Paris, with her reputation made.
They exchanged the usual greetings of persons of a trade.
He poured out his woes to her,
How his wife as lunatic was confined,
And found ner a sympathetic listener,
One, too, who was refined.
Now, a good painter, like a poet, is born.

Though there are soi-disant
Writers, of poor verse,
A painter—who is feeble, is something worse.
For the very pains with which he has
Learned his technic, makes his
Case the more pathetic,
As it is often the medium
Proving the want of the noetic,
And shows him not a master craftsman
But only a correct and clever draughtsman.

Our artist desiring, with acutest pain,
To dwell within the pantheon of fame,
Accepted, with an easy conscience,
The adoration of this woman, who
Had nothing else to love,
Though I can't refuse to say she had much to lose,
However, between the two, we sometimes have to choose.
Considering this man—while very pleasant,
Was nothing but a simple peasant,
With much desire, but little ability to produce,

Which all agree, does not conduce
To the making of a lasting name,
No matter what the kind of fame
We follow with avidity.
To deny this, is to admit stupidity.
Added to this, he was not naturally
Of intelligence frank and open,
Nor had he the gentleman's ways freely spoken,
Which proclaim the man of culture,
Thinking, in his youth, such things were to be despised,

'Tis here, let me tell you, failure often lies.
Even the critic, cold-blooded as is his penchant,
Will admit this observation to be trenchant.
Since all had mistaken a talent
For producing sketches and could
Not scent defects that dwelt within the man,
It is not surprising that their zeal outran
Their wisdom, and their wit,
Not knowing him to be unfit,
By his very nature, 'twould be his fate—

To do nothing well—or great.
And so he met this woman
Whose age was thirty-five,
Who came with all her wealth of beauty
Abundant, as 'twas rare,
Darkly gleaming eyes, and raven hair,
With lips, and nostril, flaming red,
With tones of face high and fine,
Confessing a nature more than sanguine.
For the face itself has tone, and vibration,

Infinite in variety, intensely warm,
And the brilliance in the eye
Diffuses its light, like the colors in the sky,
That only the more intense and bluer grow
As they near the horizon go.
If I said her eyes were dark
And like gleaming gem,
I hope to be forgiven, if I say so again,
For I can see their flashes
Soften, and grow beautiful, under jealous lashes.

Indeed her beauty was so unique,
That I hate to speak
Of the genius, that eclipsed it,
For, she was not only painter,
She was also poet,
The best of each to see the light
Glowing, perfect pre-Raphaelite.
Of power most vital,
And so to entitle
Her to claim on versatility.

Escaping the feeble classic note,
Also exempting from vulgar virility,
Enabling her to triumph over dreamer,
As well as to avoid shoals of the schemer,
Each in part fatal to highest art.
She came to him, and filled his life,
Donating what he lacked
In self, in aim, and wife.
Nor did she have to be seductive,
She was just the woman-power productive;

Overflowing, and abundant,
This she gave—as well as rank,
And many a gold, and silver, franc.
Against this array of gifts
There was one thing that outran
Her powers—*he was man.*
So, one day, they decided on an allegory,
Which was to be a happy, happy story
Of the fruitful life of successful love,
However, I'm not quite sure,

My memory I will not tax,
It may have been Andromache and the little Astyanax.
But as the story grew
In yellows, violets, and blue,
With gloomy moonlight
Casting back its horrid shadow,
In coloring neither gay nor gray,
Sober, warm, nor pure,
'Twas not a story of Andromache
Nor one of love so sweet and sure;

But the gloomy moonlight
Pointed through the trees
At the figure of a murderer,
Down upon his knees.
And in the forelight
There was a woman—dead—
Who bore the face of the one he had wed,
And it was sent
To the Salon,
There to hang, for Frenchman to fawn,

And proclaim his name,
Fitting to be known in the temple of fame.
While the hand, and the genius,
And the soul of the Roman maid
Were the hand—the genius—
And the soul that paid.
For the man—unhappy wretch—
Was one who could only sketch,
And she who had made him secure
Lavishing her nature to insure his life

Discovered, too late, that he had
Only sketched at her, and at his wife,
Absorbing both, in body, soul and mind,
Leaving empty sketches of both behind,
To encase in a coffin for Pere-La-Chaise,
Following both, even to the grave,
For there they lie unknown,
While over him is a stone,
Signifying, by a star,
His immortality.

Saying nothing whatever
Of his immorality.
For, does not the picture
That she made,
With his name unerased,
Hanging in the Louvre,
Prove him to have been most chaste?

THE BATTLE-LOSER.

"For injuries are to be done in such manner
As to fear no revenge."—MACHIAVELLI.

(RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO CERTAIN PEOPLE IN MINNEAPOLIS.)

Look in my face.
The little length between my brow and chin
Measures a woman's story,
And not her sin.
Come, gentle enemy, and look upon that brow,
But, pause an instant, to marvel how
The place you spat upon, shows no spot;
Why, gentle enemy, it is forgot.
Look in my eyes—but note, and understand—
That while you do so—I hold your hand,
For, in their depths, you still will find,
Gentle enemy—"I love my kind."
And, my mouth is not a ship,
For war, or merchandise,
The expression, traced on it,
Will match the eyes.

Beneath the meditative calm, some would call repose,
Read sensuous resolve, written on that nose.
And on my cheek—the fugitive refrain,
Spells voluptuous caprice—not woman's pain;
Its phrasing you well may skip,
But, mark the trembling of the reddened lip.
Gentle enemy, on all these features
Note what is written by God's creatures.
Is it given the gifted of speech
To tell the throng, when one suffers cruellest wrong

That through the labyrinth of the years
There is just the gift of woman's tears?
Literal symbol of the fate
Dealt her by the hand of hate,
Or just to amuse.
Between the two—one may choose.
The writhing of a woman's heart
Is a more diverting—more exciting part—
Than the sweetness of her love,
Whose fragrant paths, and sunny bower
Is but a place of danger, for an idle hour.

The mantling flush upon her handsome face
Is better poisoned, with an anguished trace.
The wistful pathos, in eyes of brown,
Are more becoming under martyr's crown.
A look of perfect trust
Is unseemly, and unjust.
Women, who deal with men
Must take what men give.
Against God's plan—I have no cry—
He builded—He alone knows why.

I thought to prove that, like man, I could love myself,
Ah me, how blind!
God builded. Was God kind?
In every corner, in every crevice, of every woman's face,
God's alchemic emblem, one may trace.
In the thrilling of every woman's voice,
Hearken to the message of God's choice.
He builds by beacons of His own,
No use to turn our gaze up to the sky.
The futility of the question, as we grope
Our way along,
Is answered by the disdainful hand of wrong.
He it was who wrote—
Man should hold woman by the throat.
Audacity, and subterfuge, He gave to our brother,
These the weapons used against
Maiden, wife, and mother.

In a woman's face, when you read self-command,
Know she lives in despotism,
Written, year, by year,
So self-contained—so far removed from mirth,
That tear upon tear, removes the dross of earth.
Nay, gentle enemy, do not stab again,
This is not the crying of my woman's pain
Pausing—I only stand disarmed—
As a woman will—
To confess—believe me men—I love you still.
Can I forget—what we have been, what we are to one another,
Can I bury out of sight the fact,

That I was maiden, wife and mother?
But the sweetness of my love could not avail
Me against you all.
Chary as the world always is, of praise,
Eager as it is, to show its might,
To a heart, attuned to sadness, it will say—
Let her be forgotten—she has lost the fight.
The deliberate voicing of one brought to bay
Is just the awful silence of a cold today.

I salute the enemy, for the point he made,
For such a climax—to persons of his trade—
He owes not to any master-stroke
In our fine battle drawn,
For not to my eighth square
Did he bring his pawn, and exchange it for my queen,
For in the struggle for my life
The play was not easy, it would seem.

Since I made my moves alone,
With mathematical precision,
I do not raise my cap, to acknowledge his derision,
Purchased by the attributes, of power.
Circumstances, that grouped themselves around me,
Were not produced by any fee, that bought you all,
That I might fall.
You played long—you played well—you played a dirty
hand,
I played alone, played better, and played clean.
If the victory is one *you* call triumph,
It is one *I* designate as mean.
Therefore, I salute the enemy!
Not in challenge, like the blundering fool,

Nor exultingly, like some favored queen,
But my cap goes off to the dominating condition
Governing me—and every purchased tool.
Think you the thrust at my heart
Was made but yester-night,
And into your outstretched hand it bleeding fell?
Dost think the glowing blood-red stream
Flowed from its walls, by any stab
From any purchased hell?

Nay, nay, gentle enemy, look in my face,
I am that awful thing—a might-have-been.
Come now and gaze on me
But will the sight a satisfaction be?
For I still hope, and believe, and love,
Even after thee.
Imperishable legacies of a passionate race,
Flowing strong and full,
Just look in my face.

Nay, nay, gentle enemy, do not stab again,
My length of life is not yours to pain.
I live to cast my blessing on you
And to say that I forgive,
Yet forgiveness is not surrender,
Nor concession.
Passionate blood is jealous, they say, *not* just,
Misfortune should bear bitter fruit,
Despair should cry,
Haunting memory should brood,
Not play—nor long to meet again, the open day.

Wisdom should sit calmly in a niche,
Flowers be left to wither in a vase;
Declining suns should not brilliant be,
But should pierce and crest a troubled sea
With a mellow light.

For twilight goes before a darkened night.
If I a failure be,
Successful ones, just gaze on me.
For even tho' I've been a slave,
They can not say I was not brave.
Where men have failed—am I to preach
And set myself up to teach?
Nay—I only ask to sing a song or two,
For those I love—before I'm through,
Are skies n'er dark, but always blue?
Do flowers bloom without their dew?
Can hearts listen, and still beat true?

If to fail is to sin, and to sin is to fail,
Why the story is so ancient, it is stale,
For every set of teachings, by every set and clan,
Have fought out their many doctrines
Around the nature of man.
Socrates, at Athens, had the cup—
Christ, after him, the cross—
If Jesus—the special-missioned—
Could fail like this
Socrates—the teacher—die for truth
Why every fiend—in every hell must hiss
When knowing man, and simple maiden kiss.

DYING WOMAN TO HER SOUL.

Leave us alone, all through the night,
We do not fear. Speed thou, and take thy flight.
Why should we plead of one so true,
We give our sighs. They are thy due.

Go to thy God, they say, who dwells above,
And ask Him what He could have meant—
By putting thy mark into the form he sent,
For man to crucify.

For the woman-soul was on that cross,
The woman-soul has borne the loss.
But 'tis man who hangs upon the cross.
Did he mean by this to typify
The power and strength of woman's sigh,
As she stoops, and kneels beneath the frame
And sees that twisted form in pain?

Between that cross, where hangs that Man,
There's a chasm, so wide and deep, no time can ever span.
Iscariot sits, like "Prometheus Bound"
And holds his lump of gold, so round,
And, between Iscariot and his gold,
And the Master whom he sold,
There rolls, and rolls, a mighty sea,
Coming between my soul, and me.

And this sea contains
All that yet remains
Of the writhing mass of quarreling men;
With faces turned towards Judas,
And backs turned to the Cross;

And woman bending, weeping,
To shield a child, who holds a flower,
Come angels, hover 'round that child,
And guard his troubled hour.
Speed on, thy flight O, Soul!
Try to know the why,
Beyond, above, this darkened night,
The wherefore of this dreadful fight.

Invoke, and say, to Him
Not He—whom man invented—
But the One who created all.
Invoke, and say to Him—I say—
That He must find some other way.
Appeal thou, with all thy might,
For Him to change this force, and right.

Go woman-soul, and plead our cause.
Thy weapons should be strong,
For thou art strong.
And tell Him that our country's banner
Must never wave her colors over wrong.
Speed thou, O, Soul!
Speed on, and say
Our country's colors were made to save.

Our country must a Savior be,
Or she must die.
Our country can not wave her colors
Over any lie.
Go woman-soul—take thy flight,
Take our apology for the night
Thou hadst here below.

We tried so hard, my heart and I—
To help thee through the night—
We tried so hard, my heart and I—
But we have lost the fight.
Go woman-soul, this thing they call the mind—
O, no, I cannot believe our country's eyes are blind.
I love the mother who cradled me,
Stab I the ones who say she stands for tyranny.

But, if you say so—you must whisper low—
I may not hear you well—you know.
She can not stand for cruelty.
Did I hear aright?
I can not believe you,
She does not stand for might.
Let every brother who was rocked with me—
Hoist our mother's untarnished colors,
Over every sea.

Love I America,
The sacred ground, beneath my feet—
Love I the bosom
Where my people sleep,
They are watching me, I know,

As they sleep below,
And they bid me remember,
As I tread above their head

They are watching me, forever,
Though sleeping with the dead.
My father—I have heard him criticized—
He is my father—he is helpless—where he lies—
Of him, it is so hard for me to speak,
Silent I should be—if the others were—
Like others, he did according to his light—
He did what he thought was right—
He thought he should a leader be,

Men climbed up on him, and excluded us,
Children should never make a fuss.
Father, Celtic sorcerer that you were,
Man who could strike the chord of every lyre,
And throw over other men his Promethean fire,
And take them whither, and whence, he would,
We, who are below, will forgive the rest,
If you'll only take our faithful mother to your breast.

And let her know up there
She is now without a single care,
And has you—her lover—husband to herself,
What care we, that into her nest
The vultures came.
This is just a small aside,
For I would not be a parricide.

He was only human.
Father was a man

Mother was a woman.
Come wave the banner over me,
There is so much I would not see.
Come, let its colors blind my eyes
To both I would quite faithful be.

I know—I know—none so well—
What it is—this human hell.
I only hope that now they smile together,
What matters me?
Come soul, hear my apology.
They do not need their child's litany.

Come soul and take thy flight
Bid mind and heart a last good-night,
Mind tried—and part succeeded—
Heart tried—but went unheeded—
Come, soul, both offer thee
A merited apology.
We three who dwelt together,
In this frail house of clay,
We three who knelt together
We have had our day.

Take the labeled body
And put it away.
Don't "plant daisies, at the head and feet"
'Tis but a woman-shape that lies beneath,
But, take that little curly head
And those tiny feet,
And point them to where his mother lies asleep.
Give to that boy the daisies,
Tell him to shed no tear,

But to take her country's banner—
And raise it without a fear,
For warriors need no daisies,
Warriors need no tears.

Should he, boy-like, be over-bold,
Take pity on the little lad,
And show him not the gold,
Iscariot held upon his knee,
Severing him from me.

But, take him to the chasm
Let him look upon the sea below,
At the writhing shapes of men,
Struggling in the human show.
Then, turn him around, and let him face
The man upon the cross,
And tell him—*let me mark it well,*
That, that, is all there is, between his soul and hell.

And if he smiles as he is sure to do—
Tell him the woman-soul is not on view—
Tell him if he can not be a man
His mother's life was lived in vain,
That she died without a country, and a God,
Call upon the sexton, to level down the sod—
Fold up her country's colors,
Don't them to the light unfurl,
For God and country both proclaim
What it means, to be born a girl.

UNTIL YOU CAME.

Close I mine eyes, and see the cresting Alps,
The self-same sun upon thy land, and mine,
Far away, the stretching plain,
And cypress walls come to me once again.
The painted panes of some Cathedral dome,
Encircling sea, and mountain, near thy home.

I hear, again, the rich round notes
Of some responsive bird,
He thrills me, with a message, I have heard,
I listen, for the answer he awoke;
So quick it comes, a birdling's heart hath spoke.

I feel again, the slumbering afternoon,
And see once more a fair Venetian lagoon,
And then I heave, ah me! the saddest sigh,
To remember the deep, deep red of thy Italian sky.

And, then, I 'wake, and lift my eyes,
Around me, to the loveliest skies,
The 'circling Alps—the boundless sea,
And then, I dream, I dream, of thee.

There spreads, again, the beauty of thy land,
I feel, once more, its midday heat,

There comes, to mind, some by-gone time
And I am weeping, at thy country's feet.

And thou cans't truly write thy name,
With thy fair country's ever-lasting fame
Gaze into her mighty past
On glory, so sure to last.

Now, I know why Angelo could grow,
And Raphael Sanzio could be,
Great Dante could from Beatrice live,
And, then I sigh, 'tis so easy to forgive.

'Tis Italy breathed into thy tender note,
That wells so sweet, from thy deep throat.
The mute pathos of it all,
Starts the hot tears to fall,
For, my poor wounded heart
Knows it has no part,
In olive groves, in Italy, and thee.

There's a hush within my breast,
Smiling, thus, I stand confessed,
And gaze into thine eyes of brown
My soul looks up, my heart looks down.

God, who lays the course of things,
By lights within His breast,
Disdains me not, as I grope my way,
From a ravishing world of bliss,
For in my dreams there floats to me,
Thy undelivered kiss.

THE MASTERLESS WOMAN.

I am enveloped in as great a mystery
As the creation of the universe, or the tiny pea.

First find the riddle, nor pause for breath,
Of the perplexing problems of life and death.

And when you have the knowledge that you seek
Tell me the price you paid, *I am meek.*

Then perhaps you will comprehend,
Why I am masterless to the end.

LIFE'S ARITHMETIC.

The line divided by joy,
subtract
From pain and wisdom,
the sum exact
Add to the interest of days,
and years,
That make the quotient

of human tears.
Reduce the measure of toil,
and strife,
Whose compound interest
shortens life.
Tax the clouds we seek
to clasp,
With flames, that hold us
in their grasp.

Discount the cup of
human bliss,
By stocks, and bonds,
held in its kiss.

Proportion out the roots,
and squares,
Whose solid forms make
earthly tares.

Lay out the fractions that
yet remain,
And point with decimals
the part we gain.

Make a line of double
position,
Multiply the errors, to find
the condition,
Thus the problem put to test,
cancels
For us, all the rest.

COULD I BUT KNOW.

Could I just begin again
Forget this world, with its threnody of pain,
Strike one clear note, without a sob,
So pure and high 'twould reach to God;
Could I but know, somewhere, 'twould be
Calm and cold—from passion free;
Could I wipe out the written scroll
That Fate has marked across my soul;
Could I but know no thorn-crowned host
Stalked this world, like whited ghost;

Could I drop anchor into some quiet deep,
At rest, alone, my soul asleep,
With naught to vex me, as I slumbered so,
No grim shadows to come and go;
Still, I would be unafraid
Until one came, my Mother's shade,
For, her dead lips would try to seek
Their place of love, my woman's cheek,
I should, then, so quiet be, sunk in deep humility,
Knowing she was too great for me;

For she would totter, in her senseless clay,
And try to kiss it all away.
Would not chide me, with the part
I had taken in her broken heart,

But, she would turn, and say to me,
I want no horror to come to thee,
I will thy Captain be,
Through this gate of Eternity;
Yes. She was too great, for me.

BROTHER.

Standing all alone, by a piteous sea,
I trembled in the darkness, for night was over me.
Sleep was lost, love was gone,
The victory bloodless, yet 'twas won.
And all had ceased to be.

Manacled I stood, chained alone was I,
Gazing into darkness, then at the frowning sky;
Across the slumbering mountain
Thunder's voice did roar,
I felt it all, and heard the answer, as before.

I felt thy hand, which, humbly, I forbore to take,
Strange child, like me, of unhappy fate.
For death walked with us, at thy side,
And hovered close to me;
I gazed into his grinning face,
He only stared, and quickened pace,

Then everything was clear,
Why he should look first at thee, and then at me,
With his exultant leer.
I felt the ground slipping from beneath my feet,
Yet listened to thy weeping, felt thy heart's deep beat.

Then as we looked each at one another,
And wondered when the morn would break,
I knew you had forgot, I knew you heard me not,
I questioned thee again, to speak to me, for *her* dear sake.

Brooding thus alone, I spoke aloud of home,
But was answered only with thy moan.
Don't fear my kisses, I said, they will not stain thy cheek,
Again I listened, but my kisses could not make thee speak.
The shadows dipped once more, and turned us from the
light,
And then I muttered: brother, must it be *good night?*

A deafening roar of thunder crashed across the sky,
But I was only shaken, at thy feeble cry,
For I tried so hard to move, and raise thee up,
To dash from thee this last most bitter cup.
I moved when I thought I heard thy helpless cry,
But fell again, shuddering, for manacled, too, was I.

SHAKESPEARE.

Crowded so full with every gift,
Laughter of queer humanity,
Every line so deep and rich,
Carrying so much, no knowing which
To leave before, behind.

Great genius, so mightily emphatic,
Plentiful, human, and dramatic,
Artist, with high-rolling brow,
Clothing this, and that, knowing so well how.

Lacking only luscious note,
That comes from lyric singers' throat.
Music, Shakespeare, thou hadst none,
All else, Shakespeare, thou hadst won,

Why for this should any croak
When thy great and mighty cloak
Wrapped thee around in such great splendor.
Tender and pathetic, human not divine,
Not gods and demons, but men and women, here,
Was the story of thy created Lear.
Passing through great Shakespeare's frame,
Rendering immortal great Shakespeare's name.
Æschylus, the majestic—intellect's great delight,
Could and did no better. Sublime thus to write.

TO A LEAF.

Between clipped hedges, flanked by granite bench,
Through gravelled walks, I wander idly by—
Memory goes with me—time cannot quench,
I wander through my home again, and then I sigh.

The sunset vanishing—and twilight screens,
I close my eyes, and go beyond this land of dreams,
Stroll again around the dear old spot—
Wandering through a place once more, I never have for-
got.

I thank thee friend, for this bit of green
Though it has no longer its deepest sheen,
I know by this there still survives,
The sweetest growth around our lives.

'Tis naught I'd do, with aught of truth,
Misfortune hath borne for me such bitter fruit,
Though I should despair, and give outcry,
This tiny leaf would only wonder why.

It bids me, remember, it once stood alone,
Among the ivy, around a shrine, which was my home,
Clustering and rising over all its walls—
Nesting, as it listened, to every birdling's calls.

To balustrades, now weather-stained, I know,
Back to childhood's home, once more, I go.

Behold I a faint, fine line of shining peaks,
A vanishing past, yet, to me, it speaks.

Of gentle life, and tender love,
A little flower, in a guarded wood,
A tiny violet, believing all the world was good.

The prosaic life I live today,
Tells me all this has passed away,
There lies before me this emerald leaf,
All seamed and yellow underneath.

And yet I know through childhood's grove,
Dear friend with thee, some day I'll rove,
I know you'll give the wanderer leave to roam,
With ivy-leaf, once more, through our old home.

DARBY AND JOAN.

Your eyes, Joan, are growing old.
But your Darby, Joan, still is bold.
Yet dear old heart, you must not grieve,
If there come a long adieu,
A parting hour for me, and you.
I still am thine, and thou art mine.
Darby still is bold, if Joan is growing old.

For thee, Joan, and only thee,
Do all the birds sing mockingly.
As they flit from tree to tree,
Burdened full of rhapsody.

And the breeze, Joan, as tenderly,
Sighs and smiles, quite knowingly,
Crouching amidst the lair
Of jealous winds everywhere,
Whom she disowns, and bids be still.

While captive voice of whip-poor-will
Breaks through and over, in loud song,
To bid the mates their love prolong,
For Darby and Joan.

And every little butterfly
Sends its colors—wondering why—
The clover hides its blushes,
And the sly brook smiles among the rushes.

The little flowers, Joan, come whispering,
Thy name to Darby, confidingly.
And send across their perfume sweet,
To shed its scent around old Joan's feet.

Knowing they have the right, like rain,
To kiss my Joan's cheek, and free from pain,
Her eyes so old, blinded with the light
Of this great love's delight.

Surely Darby's heart is full of feeling
That everything around, is bent upon the stealing.

By the right of having found—
And all are bent on calling,
The joy that is befalling,
One whom they know as well as I.
None echoing faintest sigh.

For every growing thing
The glad tidings bring
Give Joan full possession
Of Darby's sweet confession.

When all the tiny murmuring rills,
Come low-voiced, not to confuse,
And whisper Darby's secret to the hills,
How can old Joan still refuse?
For Darby yet is bold—if Joan is growing old.

OFF THE COAST OF ZANZIBAR.

M. A. S.—U. S. N.

'Twas off the coast of Zanzibar,
The lightning 'round me flashing,
I waived adieu to a jolly tar,
Most ardent, and most dashing.

Again I waived adieu, as on the deck he stood,
My gallant lover. I flashed my glance
And followed him, across the dancing water,
This jolly tar, who ardently had loved my mother's daughter.

This was years ago, this coming summer,
By the waters of the ocean, near dear old Zanzibar,
When I looked again, across the harbor,
The ship had sailed away, beyond the bar.

Then one night, as lonely I was singing,
While the waters began rushing towards the shore,
I thought I heard a gallant "middie's" whistle,
Calling loud above the water's roar.

Do you remember when you were "Ensign," Captain,
And I was just a little girl,
How I echoed back a whistle to your calling,
And we heard each other loud above the rushing whirl?

Since then, you know, I have learned much better,
And my eyes have found the way to weep,
But still, at times, around the coast I see the lightning
flashing
When those eyes you used to love, are fast asleep.

LOVE.

Love is a thing that has so
many counterfeits,
Has been sung so often, by our
lyric wits,
Anacreon, among the Greeks, of
ancient times,
And Horace, the Roman, wrote
successful rhymes.

Indeed, all our great poets
understood, it seems,
What it was to love, and could
write a sonnet
More than good upon it.
Then among
Moderns there was Moore
some call him artificial

But he keeps the floor.
And Burns,
Of horrid, Scottish, dialect,
yet when
All is said, standing at the
head
Of Lyric poets. Then
Petrarch

Sang his sonnets, and
Pindar his odes
Oh! there are loads, and loads,
of bards,
With sparks, more or less, of
Promethean fire,
Who tune their lyre, to sing
of love,

Enhancing our pleasure, when
they give us
These things, pictured in
melodious measure,
Which, to be quite exact,

is better than a
Bald-faced fact, and to be
more specific still,

There is something in sweet sound
to thrill us,
Even, though we know, 'tis but
the inward glow,
Of love itself, made manifest,
in beauty thus confessed.
From which we glean, that
poets are good lovers,

As well as human brothers.
But love,
What do I say of it? Perhaps
if you knew
That I find it easier, and quite
as true,
To say what it is not Sometimes
it comes

To one, and exists entirely
unasked,
Unwelcome, and found full-grown,
when rudely unmasked—
Growing, without return, increasing
hour, by hour,
Beautiful, full and great, like
a glorious flower.

Brightening under stormy frown,
and when
False lips say nay, the
heart beats
Without response, having its own
way.
And even if by one's own act,
life goes coldly on,

And the calendar of days
says
There is no wrong—the
heart
Understanding not, sings
its
Own sweet song.

BUONA NOTTE.

SIGNOR A.——Milan.

"Buona notte, buona notte!"—Come mai
La notte sarà buona senza te?
Non divini buona notte,—chè tu sai,
La notte sà star buona da per sè."

GOETHE.

With the setting of thy sun
Went thinker, poet, philosopher, all in one.
Genius supreme, knowing every theme.
Marvel of universal power,
Shining alone during his little hour.

LUCY.

It must be nice to be like thee,
Little children around thy knee,
So pure and true, from all vices free,
So sweet, so tender. Send me the master-key,
To steal thy heart's great splendor.

BALZAC.

Epoch-maker Honore. Realist not filled with gloom
Man, who never lived, and died too soon.
Great mind, great heart, great soul,
Who broke, just as he reached the goal.
This man is a dear, dear friend
And will be so until the end—to me
As long as heart, and mind, and eye can see.

H. M.

Greetings, friend, across the silent years!
That we have been "exchanging the full fresh cheeks
Of early youth," for wisdom born of tears.
Though the devil said "he never made acquaintance with
the dead"
This is not the very worst thing, the devil ever said.

I have passed through much, since last I saw you at my
"parlor door"—
Have felt the power of purse, and strength, as warriors
have before.
And have been whirled around in many a storm,
Since that far-away day,
But Summer has its blessings, as well as early May.

"What has been, has been; what is done is past"
I am grateful for remembrance, and for prayer,
You have never been forgotten, in my heart will always
last,
For memory takes you with us, everywhere.

THE DESIRE OF THE SOUL FOR HARMONY.

To C. E.

> "Unhappy is the man, or woman, whose soul burns with artistic and poetic passion, which can find no outward expression."—Extract from letter.

The deeps, though dumb, are known to cry,
Have you heard the waving forest sigh?
Winds murmur, and voices come
At nature's call, and speak.
Long grasses moan, and seek some clasping hand
Have you not stood alone in shady wood, and heard the
echo hollow
As you listened to the song of homing swallow?

Don't you know that blue-bells ring
And bees hum, and insects sing?
What dumb voice is louder than the Russian serf?
What race of conquering kings and strong, can atone
For his great, deep, voiceless wrong?

No cry is heard, yet who speak so loud?
Dead, though living in a shroud.
How many lashings of the flail
Does it take to make woman wail?
The great, the rich, the strong, whip into eloquence
By some mighty wrong—which always goes before
An open door where grief cries out.

What creeping, hiding thing, has a louder hum
Than the trodden human slum?
Human flesh is fair—it can rise
The mind and heart hunger for the skies
Only after pain—harmony will spring again
Of itself, from nature's poise.
Nature struggling to right herself
Always makes a noise.

Don't you know that, dear friend?
Desire for harmony is the soul's great end.
And harmony is poise.
One has but to look at you
To know, that harmony beats true,
Dear friend, harmony beats true,
And harmony means? *Good.*
And good means? Help, dear friend, help.
Help is not *repression,* help is your *"expression"*
Your "outward" flow, of inward glow.
Fie! dear friend, fie!

SONG.

I would be shepherd, tending flocks,
Not on the "king's high-way,"
Where unborn violets sleep near rocks,
And floating moonbeams play.

I would be shepherd and 'tend my flocks,
Then lie with them, to dream,
And watch the daisies, as they grew,
And blue-bells nodding unto blue.

I'd lay me down, in grasses deep,
My wandering flocks and I asleep,
Sweet silence settling on my brain,
I then would be, a child again.

With gentle tinkling of the bell,
On baby lamb, within the dell,
Glad so to be, and linger there,
Sky and earth to hear my prayer.

He would come, and standing near to me,
Bleating out how this could ever be,
Trot by my side, with tinkling bell,
To purple heather in his dell.

Would lay his nose upon my knee,
And bleat, and bleat, as sweet could be,
Bah! Bah! Bah!
Abandoning flocks to be near me,
And bleat, and bleat, as sweet could be.

I would be shepherd, tending flocks,
Not on the "king's high-way,"
Where un-born violets sleep near rocks,
And floating moonbeams play.

BENJAMIN BUTTERWORTH.

IN MEMORIAM.

Dedicated to his friend, Hon. J. G. Cannon, Washington, D. C.

You loved him, too? Great-hearted Ben.
Kindest and best of men.
With hunger, and thirst, for right,
Not sycophant in ranks of might,
Nor enlisted with the strong,
Interest-blind, to acts of wrong.

With his love for good,
And hopes for happy brotherhood,
And belief in man's duty, unto man,
Tender at the sight of pain,
Not following in the quest of gain;
Wholesome, happy, harmony in his giant frame.
Some day, perhaps, we will take him by the hand,
In that-who-can-tell no-distant-land.
And greeting unto us, he will never say,
"Nay," friends, "nay."

I HAD A DREAM.

I had a dream, and I dreamed my country died.
I was alone, high up on mountain side,
And touched a granite stone, and sat down there, alone,
And woman-like, began to cry.

I could not untie my soul, from my country's heart,
Because of my country I was still a tiny part.
I told myself my country still loved me,
While remembering what I'd seen of earth on every
absent sea.

But all of wisdom, all of art,
Can not atone for any bleeding heart.
And I had just dreamed she died.
And woman-like, I cried.

Alone, upon the mountain side,
Struggling against an adverse fate,
Nay, for very life.
And then I cried, a little, for myself
To know I had been balanced against the god of pelf.

Then I wept, in torrents, this time 'twas for myself.
And I moved to gather comfort, walking towards a tiny
spring.
And as I gazed around me, remembered how strength
had power to sting.
And I thought, as I watched the water drop,
That suffering, born of strength, would never stop.

And sat down once more, upon the mountain side,
Woman-like I just cried, and cried, and cried.
Growing weary as the night came on,
I took some moss, and laid it under head,
The sweet smell of earth, clinging to its root,
Whispered in my ear—something of the truth.

That I was made only for him to feed,
That God and nature meant I was just to breed.
The mocking discord that had settled around my life,
Meant my country, and its man, preferred the wanton to the wife.

"That the city of love, and my brother-soul"
Had broken faith with me.
And chaos, son of darkness, had taken bed with me.
That heart, and brain, and soul, had now each particular part
Instead of blended harmony, God's own highest art.

That the tragedy of my broken life,
Meant man preferred the wanton, to the wife.
As I lay alone, and tried to sleep,
That subtle beast, named serpent, began towards me to creep.

I lay there in a kind of trance,
That formidable beast began to dance,
And then I understood the seduction of Eve,
That great beast was radical, this her mighty creed.

That anything that flowed from me,
In intellect and heart,
The serpent, understanding not,
Could never have a part.

The spontaneous, conquering wanton
Meant man was beast—at home with her,
Ambition and sensuality were the serpent's choice,
Heart, and mind, and soul, therefore had no voice.

I nodded there, in slumber, unafraid of creeping snake,
Dreaming child born of my brother-soul rested on my heart.
And then I crossed my hands back upon my head,
Saying each must have his due: one of us is dead.

But I forgot the serpent gazing there at me,
Until I woke and found her coiled around my throat,
And when she coiled as tight as she could be—'twas then I 'woke.
Gone were child and man I thought I held upon my heart
For I had been strangled, by serpent, alone on mountain top, in the dark.

WHY WAR IS WRONG.

To that very excellent essayist in the White House, Theodore Roosevelt.

When fire-lit sire sprang out from hell,
The god Siva
Suddenly heard
The devil's muttering and mighty word.

The busy imp-chorus of the night took flight,
None dared to stay,
But jumped, and hooted, and tore away.

Alone sat Siren, in bewitching bower,
Enjoying a rest, and an idle hour.
Moving, and stirring, and thrilling, with life,
Cooing and wooing, dying for strife.

Through the long grass, the serpent stole by,
Stealing, and hissing, giving out sigh,
Wriggling, and sneaking, in silence he bore,
Close to the siren, who let out a great roar.

These three were there: siren, and sire, and snake, in prayer,
When up from hell a loaded ship
Poured out some devils, who began to skip.

The moon sailing by, in array so proud,
Was ashamed, and hid behind a cloud.
The dark turned black,
The stars grew dim,
Taking no part in the borning sin.

The ruling god of the bottomless pit,
Ordered the chorus to spit, and spit,
The sire, and the siren, took great fright,
The serpent, and imps, began to fight.

The devil ordered them all to flit,
In the digesting furnace of hell to sit.
He alone would stay above
To watch the result, of this great free love.

Those fiery imps were needed below, to
Watch his monarchy grow, and grow,
To organize police, and lead debate,
And attend to matters of his great state.

To teach his science of punishment, to
Fit the mind of the human kind,
To the positive wheel, of the only real.

He would stay to fit on the iron glove,
Of the children born of the sire's great love.
'Twould be worth his while, to revive an old style,
To rend and tear, instead of prayer.
Then he would silently back to hell,
When, without him, they could live as well.

He would tumble when from this primal mess,
Had grown some active and mastering devils,
Known as revolt, and stubborn rebels.
He himself swinging, to and fro.
Watch the children of anarchy grow.

Fit for the common understanding,
Sailing great circles, under general-commanding.
So they descended back to hell,
Sire, and Siren, got on very well.

In course of time, had children nine,
And all went well, governed by the
Master-fiend from hell.
Astute, ordering all things, for the best,
North, and South, East and West.

And the world astound, swinging
His great wide circle round,
Getting credit for being true,
In spite of some things his devils do.
For cruel words he leaves unsaid,
Of abandoned, and blasphemed dead.

In his imps he had faith supreme,
Their loyalty to him was never a dream,
A contract to furnish slaves he'd
Not retract, although unexpressed
Silent, tacit, unconfessed,
By the devil thus oppressed.

Will you believe me every name of these children began
with M.
Malevolence, malice, malignity and then,
Material, mean; these five are still alive,
The busiest devils, in the great big hive.
The other four walked through the door,
And fell—what do you think—straight back
To hell. Now that's a shame, for on the
Devil will fall the blame, for this negation,
But the other children have hourly ovation.

In this great big material nation, this
Negative pole, without a soul,
'Twould not be rude to call it crude,
But it has big place, is not dead stuff,
Materialism is no big bluff.

Some day it must step aside, for negative cannot ride
This great big pill of deflected will,
Out of health, in search of wealth,
Losing strength, and losing sanity,
Inviting death, inviting anarchy.

Denying the ideal, in the search of the real,
For evolution don't open that way,
That's why war is wrong I say.
For war bends back, is built that way.
Revolution and war are one I say.

O! God of hosts! guide my country right.
Lead her along, not with blinded sight.
Why should her son, born from out her side,
Perish for wrong, in the name of pride.

Still he loves mother, would defend her at her door,
When other nations around her, wish for war's loud roar,
And point their muzzles at her, "sing the song of cannon ball,"
Then every son she bore will defend her—all of them, yes all.

Ah! I weep to know,
O! God of hosts, that this is so,
See the blood in rivers, from my brothers flow.
Trenches filled with dying, rotting there below.

Courage born of mother, in my veins is flowing still.
America, great mother—God guard thee as He will.
The banner I was taught to love, I cannot see it wave.
My country I was taught, was a savior, made to save.

O! God of hosts, make that banner still wave true.
Every star shine bright upon its field of blue.
What has my brother done, nursed upon her breast,
As twin with me, love for her confessed.

Ah me! must he be dead, and lie alone to sleep.
Come choir of angels, vigil around him keep.
I know you hover still above his head,
Piled deep in trenches, sleeping with the dead.

Gently though he was rocked with me, mother bending
near,
Yet the devils creep, and jump, around this brother's
bier.
Come fair America, laurel on thy brow,
Sit boldly, serpent underneath thy feet, and tell them
how.

Stretch out thy long arm, o'er all the "seven seas,"
Every devil, sired of hell, down upon his knees.
Throw out thy stream of life, down the god of war,
America, as loyal wife, still faithful to her star.

O! God of hosts! Come let us sing,
Pass along the word, on angel's pure-white wing.
Guide thou our souls, as the heavenly host I pray,
Children, born of siren, they have had their day.

Serpents at the Christening, sneaking through the grass,
O! lord of hosts, let these devils pass.
Born of siren—surnamed vanity, lowest deviled-lass.
Come, brave America, sitting strong and sane,

Marshall all thy forces, around thy knee again.
Fill up thy wounded ranks, all going well once more,
"House divided against itself," gone out the devil's door.

None born of siren, from fire-lit sire of hell.
Vanity—named siren—concubined by son of hell,
Serpents crawling from this nest,
North and South, East and West—
Malevolence and malice, assassins of the soul,
Breeding disease around them, as they roll and roll.

Come my nation, be the sun of central life,
Let others revolve around thee, as planet and satellite
Permeated by thy greater heat and greater light
Electrified by this—do away with strife.

Energy, created by this blazing sun
Let it look up, guided by a greater One
Turn back the world's big negative wheel
Let purity and love, greater harmony steal.

The world will then, at length,
Be one great mind, of sanity, and strength.
For what is wealth, without this health,
What is mind, without a soul,
Why should beast be the world's one goal?
The beast is all right in its place,
But a nation made of beast alone, will lose in the final race.

A nation is no greater than its unit,
Intelligence, and soul, should guide them all.

Beast is all right, to make enduring.
For without it, intelligence and soul will surely fall.

Soul and light stand first for order,
"All goes well." Hear the sentry speak.
Negation has no dominance.
Any nation who goes by this will spring a leak.

I want my flag, Captain, at the White House,
To float above, high towards heaven's dome.
The eagle soaring, with unflinching eye,
Straight towards sun, highest in the sky.

With little fluttering birds around her,
Knowing she is brave.
God, make the Eagle's banner.
A banner made to save.

No destroying serpent, stealing through the grass,
Sired by Siva, god of hell, and Siren, vanity's lass,
Can snatch the eagle's laurel, from off the eagle's brow.
America, be central sun, showing them all HOW.

THE POETS SEARCH FOR THE ABSOLUTE.

A sleeping poet once from a deep, long period
Of neglected night, awoke, and cried.
For he found that while he slept laughter on earth had
died,
And the world had gone a-weeping.
A light seemed to dawn upon his soul as he wept,
That had been darkened for years, as he slept.
He thought of all that had gone before,
As the solemn march of Centuries unrolled before his
door,
And he, like the great band of singers looking around
for truth,
Had found, could find, nothing absolute.
Some wrote of fairies, some of mountains
And of problems of the world;
Some laughed and wept, at home
With mystic and with beast;
Some painted with the colors of the Occident,
Some dipped brushes in the East.
Some cherished revenge under love's great cloak,
Finding shelter with religion, and with venom spoke.
Servile to evil, with hysteric's insane note.
Some with a mighty thirst for right.
So the poet went to sleeping, went to dreaming for more
sight,

Saying over every name, that had glowed and burned
And died in fleeting fame.
The great, and the majestic, and the solemn, and the clear,
And the luscious, and the manly, and those whose note was fear.
The English, the American, the Teuton, and the Slav,
Every Frenchman, classic Latin, and sometimes—prudish Greek,
Went to thinking of the science in the great big book,
And to trembling at the mission of the cross.
The poet, tired of tracing all these circles wide and deep,
Went a-nodding, and a-dreaming, and fell again to sleep.
They all had said that laughter in the world had died,
And the poet went to thinking, and to wondering, as he sighed.
As he nodded, not quite sleeping, a spirit stole
To him and spoke in strange voice,
Stealing, unaware, so the poet had no choice,
But dwelt on the border, the border of despair,
Not fearing, but desiring, to explore the great white light,
Shining behind the spirit as he spoke.
He fell into deep breathing, was transformed into a strange force,
Slowly following the spirit in his course;
And the light all around him seemed to brighten and to roll
As they entered the great white city of the soul.
Then there was no more reading, no more thinking, no more night,
In this border land that science had opened to his sight,

For science is the border to the world of light.
The unrest of the poet's soul
Borrowed vigor from a vision of its coming might.
As he followed the spirit, who led him further up,
A woman came to offer him a drink from her sorceress cup.
When he drank, the spirit deserted him, and he shivered there with pain,
Tearfully pleading with the Angel to come again,
Promising to pass to mankind her magic drink,
For sorrow had sobbed him from the dangerous brink.
As he stood uncertain, a lurid light broke up the spell,
And the sorceress took the poet into the depths of hell,
New doctrines introducing as they fell,
Into her great play-ground.
Remember she said, you are not my victim unless you die,
Strangled in my school of fools,
Poisoned with the arrows of my thought;
For I can change your every cheating yesterday on the dial of time,
And make you live again with understanding hour of mine,
Asking only as a payment you change shapes with me.
Returning to Earth, live again the cruel part
Of poet in woman-form, in the cause of Art.
You were dreaming, said the sorceress,
When you drank my fatal cup,
I will make you Queen of Music,
If you will agree, and lift me up.
'Twould be sad to see your sun go down,

And never wake to dawn,
Prophesy unfulfilled, with my sorcery for the pawn.
I tire of witnessing respectable, and socialist,
Lurid mixed with black,
Your world moving 'round and 'round the same old track.

There are things I would like to know
At which I dare not stare,
For your sorceress is always prude, when she's fair.
I would like for once to lead you all a merry dance,
Be turned to brother Gaston, animated France.
I like the wisdom in his laugh, the mixture in his tear,
I like the halo around his living name,
And the glory around his bier.
Saying this the woman said: You know you are not dead.

Come into the forest deep,
You are not, like me, forced to keep
In the shadow of a vanishing light.
Come, take my shape in punishment for this night,
And with it my wild and tender note of song from woman's freer throat;
With naught to fear of things austere, or thirst;
Only with this woman-shape be cursed.
And the poet waking from his trance so deep,
Trembled and shuddered in his sleep.
Said the poet: I begin to see.
I might have been a woman, how much sadder life could be!

I will ne'er complain, but will reclaim my own.
Thank God, I am not doomed to roll her heavy stone!

EDGAR POE.

France and England, more's the shame,
Had to place the laurel around the name
Of this rare and strange one.
Just Edgar Poe, whose haunting charm rings
Music from his "Bells," and hovers over
"Helen, the Sleeper," and his Raven, not quite sane,
Yet the only song America has woven with his name.
For he was a poet, ringing clear and true;
No solver of problems, or a mystic.
His ideas and philosophy I do not admire,
Just the haunting music of his lyre,
The singer and his song, Edgar Poe, and "Helen, the Sleeper."

TO THE MALIGNANT.

Why should you wish for ill, to all?
Why can not you just be kind?
Make one last appeal to the angels
To have them change your mind.

How can you just for love of evil
Be bent on doing ill?
Make one last appeal to the angels
To have them change your will.

DORATHY.

Tiny little maiden, flowers twined in her golden hair,
Big brown eyes, coral lips, dimples in her cheeks so fair;
Dainty little maiden, who cannot reach so high, because
she is so small;
Roses 'round her neck, as she treads on flowers,
Roses in her cheeks, all the happy hours.

Tiny little maiden, with beautiful golden curls,
Daintiest little maiden, of all the little girls,
Swinging on a rose bush, violets underneath her feet;
I am afraid she is the sweetest flower of all the flowers
so sweet.

MAJOR.

"She was a cultured lady, and I had her forty years."—His Own Words.

He was an old man. A man of yesterday.
But the sweetness of her memory flooded still his life,
As he told me the story of his long-loved wife.
When he spoke of her his voice grew rich and deep,
And his eye turned bright,
For she, of his life, had been the light
I could see the string she had left in his soul vibrate,
Yield its tone, and its love relate.

I saw the holly hocks nod in their garden vast,
And the marigold, as I peeped into their vanished past;
There were peonies, and daisies, with hearts of gold,
As I looked on the silver hair of this man so old.
Again he sings his silent song,
To her gone from his life so long;
And every time as he turns to pray
He is tired a little more each day.
He knows at night her lamp is lit,
And swung aloft, as she watches;

Intoning notes of their past love-song
To him, in the quiet. He hears, and listens.
There's a laden-lattice across the night
Heavy with the scent of past love-light,
And a-sobbing.
Across his path a shadow creeps, his mind is in a whirl,
For there she is before him, just a girl,
So lightly dancing to treble notes of youth's great violin.
He hears the murmur of each moaning note,
Bearing a message from her throat,
A consolation to him, and a prayer.
A branch of honeysuckle brushes across his face
This time he sees a vision clear, break in life's morning.
Two hands outstretched, two eyes of fire
Giving the message of love's desire.
He sees a pretty little mouth, and dimples.
As he moves the first grey light of dawn is chill,
There is no response to love's old-time thrill.
She has passed away from out life's warp,
She plays no more on life's sad harp.
And he is lonely.

THE REVOLT OF THE MIND.

When passion forsakes love
And merges into vice;
When jealousy divorces justice
And cruelty reigns as King;
When treachery riding rampant
In the guise of truth begins to sing;

Heart, then, looks up to mind
Mind grows wroth, and with fever stirs,
Saying the fault is surely only hers.
What have you done to be so blind?
Ah, said heart, I was so kind.

Mind answered he was no absolute power;
And fumed and tore,
Love was heart's dower.
Both turned, and demanded of the sturdy soul to bear
this woe.
She answered bravely, but very low:
I have endured so much, I can no further go.

This added insult I cannot bear.
Empty heart became ill-balanced,
Mind began to fear.
Subtlety and cunning borrowed mirth's fat cheeks,
Gallant breasts advanced to take the stroke;
Triumphant vice, who hates the human race,
Wheeled like despot, marking out its place.

This remorseless thing mocked at the heart,
Because she wanted love,
But trembled at the soul, whom she feared;
Mind, steadying himself, said there were for him
No women, and no men,
Ideas were the things he worshipped; and then,

He knew some secrets, as well as God himself.
He would abandon soul, he would abandon heart,
If they were slave, he was free; of them he was no longer part,
He could not be bought,
These were not the things he sought.

He would go and seek, with the added light
They had given him,
A heart, and soul, not so great, but whose rule was less dim,
He could never again with them live.
Mind does not forgive.

"A FISH."

To the friend who sent me a stuffed fish, with the kind suggestion that I adopt the member of the finny tribe as my "coat of arms."

In centuries long gone by, Scotland, Ireland,
And Spain, settled the question, friend, of arms around my name;
I hardly see how I could well become a "shark"
And am sorry that you think me such an "easy mark."

Ancestry has something to do with one you know.
Doctors, farmers, statesmen, dictate the flow
Of different blood for me. 'Tis this decides you see.

I hardly see where and how the past has trod,
To make me understand the noble game of fraud,
And usury.
You may pile your wealth, friend, with any methods
You see fit, yet you will never be like me.
You are not to blame for this, and it's sad, you see.

Fraud, usury, force and pull, all go together,
Am sorry not to be able to follow your great bell wether;
Sprung as I am from those enlisted in the service
Of humanity and of the nation,
You and I must work out a different salvation.

"THE THING HE HAD BECOME."

'Tis to drag her name down in the mud,
To stab her deep in the heart,
And drink her blood.
'Tis to be a vampire and make of her body
One great wound,
And while it bleeds, make still another;

'Tis to leave her quite alone,
And side with the enemy, traitor to your home,
Your God, your Country, your friend, and the
oppressed,

For a traitor to his home will be traitor to all the rest.
'Tis to hold your ear for the poison of the knave,
To saturate your brain and twist your mind,
Till your sight becomes crooked, and your eyes go blind,
The sister you should guard above your life
Is made a common suspect; and this you call your wife.

'Tis not to come and say:
I do not want you: you are in my way;
'Tis not to be so fair.
'Tis just to hound her like beast to lair.

'Tis no longer to think yourself so brave,
When not upheld by men you thought were slave,
But 'tis to crave a kiss from her dead lips,
And her dead cheek and with her speak.

'Tis then to know the thing you are!
She wished to be your guiding star,
And lead you from corruption's ground,
How could she know you were but hound?

'Tis to have the low detective race
Persecute and spit into her face,
'Tis to do all this, and more, by far,
And still not know the thing you are.

'Tis not to know when the dirty battle has been won,
The world with you then is done,
And will watch you, laughing, sink lower in the mire,
And hold its sides—while you are burning in its fire.

LET HER SLEEP.

MARY.

She is dead, do not weep,
She is gone, lay her deep;
Down below.
Let her sleep.

And the grass above her head,
Let it wave, she is dead,
Under snow.
Let her sleep.

And her grave, very deep,
What cares she? Let her sleep;
She does not know.
Let her sleep.

And the winds, let them sing,
Above her head, she is dead;
Softly moan.
Let her sleep.

Nor to pine, she was not thine,
Nor gay, but to pray,
Made no plaint, just a saint.
Let her sleep.

And the harp, she would play,
It is dumb, still doth say,
Strike one string, she would pray:
Let me sleep.

LORD BYRON.

Come mysterious Manfred of the gloomy heart,
Burning incense from the Orient, indignant at the part
Played by apologies of men. It seems to me, nor am I
wrong,
That the something lacking in your song
And making it not endure, nor stand alone
Is the intense diabolism of its tone.

Deceiving us, as well, with borrowed light
From your beauty and your rank,
And seldom, if ever, clear.
Nor is your music suited to the better ear,
For you cannot rise to greatness which is tragedy.
Great poets who stand alone, and are to last,
Are not comics of the present, nor plasters of the past.

Nor can I understand how a scattered lover
Can belch volcanic fire,
Force and volcanic 'ruption come from chained desire.
Yet beneath it all you loved yourself alone.
Your pride was natural in a beauty, and a man of sport,
For the ladies do not laugh such a toy from love's court.
Poor George Gordon!

HOPELESS LOVE.

Clouds and sun, smiles and tears, every day it is the same,
Friendship beams in steady rays, passion dies in burning flame.
Friendship is burden-bearer, nor yet doomed,
By fires too hot to be consumed.
Friendship is great every-day,
Passion, Emperor, demanding his own way.
Poets and philosophers have great delight
Betwixt passions power and friendship's might.
Once I heard a man speak,
Who had no wish to kiss my lip, or cheek,
Who told me work was good for all sorts of things.
Faithful pilot, he, for lo! these many years,
How nice to be, like him, while hiding tears!
To sit and 'tend so true a duty,
Not denying, nor yet admitting, the all-pervading power of beauty.
Jostled and constrained by crosses,
Wasting, yet renewed, by losses,
Born of love denied.
Forward he travels, seeming not to waste,
Nor dropping burdens, one by one;
Proudly his banner he holds aloft,
And yet he is the same, to me, but still another's.
And leads me into fertile valley, a noble stream of life rejoicing,

And he tells me, and I believe him: work is all there is of life.
Yet I know he carries burdens, devoid of value in his eyes,
On the surface, bearing blue light of the skies.
And while I know I would only have to say:
Dear one, there is still another way,
A supply for both, a precious mass,
He would only answer: believe me, it must pass.
And taking my hand, would turn into fertile valleys,
A noble stream of life rejoicing, and would say:
"Work is the only way," and stoop to lift his burdens,
Devoid of value, in his eyes,
On the surface, bearing blue light of the skies.
I would try to walk that fragrant valley sweet,
Where this great one had turned my stumbling feet.
Would not feel the scorching sun
Nor fiery sands, blistering underneath;
But would watch the nodding flowers,
As they answered: yes 'tis sweet.

But I would know, at last, there can be nothing real,
And so would try to reach some great ideal,
Would ask the angels to approve this love,
For it to lead to God above.
Turning, I would watch him where he dropped my trembling hand,
Seeing not the desert, nor feel the burning sand;
Should try to fix my aim to attain
The worthy light that brightens his great name.

Watching him carrying burdens, devoid of value in his eyes
Turn my gaze up to the "Iris of the skies,"
Adore him, silently, from afar
With gaze fixed upon his mighty star.
'Twould not be kind to tie my burdens to his cross,
And loving thus there could be no loss,
Though I was not devoid of value in his eyes,
I would be the depth, and not the surface,
The true light of his skies.
To face and follow him, yet he to never know
For he had wished the burden to be great like this, you know,
Love, itself, will forgive the awful night,
For the laws of true love always point to right.

And I turn and try to walk this valley sweet
Where this guiding one has turned my stumbling feet.
Nor feel the scorching sun, nor blistering sands burning underneath.
And watch the nodding flowers, as they answer: it is sweet.
And the lonely march guided by the lily's yellow torch.
Shining bright to show the grandeur of nature's white and purer light.
And as I walk in this fertile valley sweet
The thirst of wounded things around me begin to greet,
As I raise my wand borrowed from the "Iris of the skies"
Torn and bleeding things around me rise.

And this love, which had mounted to my brain
And fired my heart, saw, at last, a greater pain
And my senses, so absorbed, gazing from afar,
Understood the message of the wise-men's star.
And as I gazed upon the fleeting vision of the past
This love took upon itself free spirit wings,
Meditation kneels at my feet, and wrings
From my soul its own delight,
Born of three-fold power of heart, and mind, and sight.
But heights are lonely places, the very essence of despair
For in the heights are born the torrents that deceive us as they roll,
Spreading o'er the senses the mirage of the soul.
There is danger lurking as we reach the sky,
Answering to some form of the lower human cry.
And if love had not one's soul forsook
'Twere better to be the fleeting sunbeam near the shallow brook.

IN MY BEAUTIFUL LAND.

To Marie Le. B. New York.

You ask me where unfolds the light
That leads my soul away from night?
Life's sad current for a time forgot,
Desolation in fresh waters caught.

No flower can come, they say, from barren land,
No sweetened waters gush from marshy sand;
Sometimes there is a sweeping underflow,
Freshened currents eddying from deeps below,
Beneath a desert dreary.

I live dear friend, in a land all of mine own,
By the great world forgotten, and no longer known,
Not like pale-faced Saint in Convent cell,
But in my world alone I dwell.

There is no glory in this beautiful land,
There are no dead; there is no prayer;
But as the seasons roll and roll
The body steals its comfort from the sanctuated soul.

In my world there is no money and no lament
For the world to bow, yet tears;
Thawed by this sun is a memory in my heart.
I sit alone against its friendly wall
Watching many a player before me fall.

To this land of mine there is no end—
No treachery in the soul I call my friend—
No darkness—and no strife;
From this infinite I create my life.

No one to know the dreams I leave
As Time's shuttle makes the weave
In this world apart;
Spinning threads of light around, and through, my heart;
Once more, farewell! I wish thee every happy hour
I take thy hand, and lay it on my cheek;

I do not ask the, friend, of "Auld Lang Syne"
Again of by-gone days to speak,
Nor of their blinded light;
But once more say: Goodnight! goodnight! goodnight!

THE MASKS AND THE LADY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BIANCA—Youthful daughter of the house of Destino.
GIACOMO—Her brother.
WALLACE PEYTON—An Englishman.
TRELLO—English girl, low caste, disguised as Venetian page.
PIPPO—Son of Bianca.
TRAGEDY } Masks.
COMEDY }

Scene—Italy.

ACT I.

Scene I.—Villamonte.—A Venetian home. Room within. Large bed magnificently carved, at one side of bed, oratory niche—woman kneeling at prayer, on prieu-dieu. Lustrous dark eyes, voluptuous lips, beautiful line of cheek, chin and nose, exquisite white hands, a mass of reddish-chestnut hair, clustering upon magnificently white neck. A patrician of the house of Destino.

Enter page, removing cap, and bowing.

Page. In the name of my Master, who would speak with La Contessa.

Bianca. What is the name of your Master?

Page. He is called Prince—the Prince of all Disaster.

Bianca. You speak very glibly for your station.
Page. 'Tis a habit, Contessa, of my nation.
Bianca. You do not fear. You must be bold.
Page. Fear, Contessa, is for the old.
Bianca. How long have you learned so well?
Page. Forgive me, Contessa, if I do not tell.
Bianca. Do you understand everything you speak?
Page. Understanding, Contessa, is not the thing I seek.
'Tis a message I bring the gracious lady, from my Master.
Bianca. (whispering)—I wonder who this master
Is, and what he would of me, a girl,
Would that my father were but here;
My head is in a whirl.
(Aloud)—How long have you been in
His service? What brought you hither,
In attendance on your master's wish to
Me? How past you my servants at
The gate?
Page. My Master sent them to ramble
Contessa; it is late.
Bianca. (angrily)—This will never do. A page
Enters here, on whom I have never
Cast my eyes, and confuses me,
With his strange replies—who is he—
Why thrusts himself unbidden on my prayer
Answers strangely, looks around
Him boldly everywhere—self-possessed
He is—my own people have been taught,
To stand before me, unspoken, until sought.
Every owner of Villamonte has left a trace,
Upon the servant face—not so I—it seems.

(Lady walks to dressing table between two big windows, takes up mirror, gazes at herself.)
(Aloud)—I must look in my face to see
What is lacking in this one of my race—
I put out my hand; it does not tremble;
I turn around this glass; it does not dissemble.
It says that I am fair—the workmanship
On this silver frame is rare. I can spell aloud
Our name so proud—Destino. Grandmother
Did her duty. Grandmother had an eye for beauty.
But see—let me look again, the reason to unfold—
Let me look again why yon page
Is bold. (sitting back on divan overpowered)
(Addressing page) I asked who was your
Master?
Page. Humbly I replied Contessa, the Prince
of all Disaster.
Bianca. That tells me nothing.
Page. Nay, Contessa, that tells you much.
Bianca. (with passionate gesture) I am not
Accustomed to hearing those words from such.
I will ring, and have you conducted hence.
Page. Nay, Contessa, have some sense.
Bianca. A servant speaks thus to me!
Page. Nay, Contessa, I bend my knee.
Bianca. That is better, more as it should be,
A rational self, in one like thee.
Page. (bowing and muttering to himself.)
I should like to, but I dare not speak,
I must play the hypocrite for many a week.
She is simple, she has temper, is not accustomed
To submission; this is likely to be the

Case of those secure in her position.
How strange these high ones are!
Poor girl, she prides herself on her distinction
And her rank; her people have themselves to thank.
Once I dreamed myself what life might be,
This was years ago. My Master finds good
Profit now in me, good profit, that is why I'm
Bold you see.
I serve him well, my master, I serve him well,
This Prince of all Disaster.
We are those demons who traffic in such as she,
I can well afford to bend my knee, to the god of necessity.
With this woman I must be neat, and clean,
She is not accustomed to the low, and mean,
She will drive me from her, and I do so love
To practice on those above.
She does not appear ever to have loved, or ever
To have feared. But cheating is our lay,
We will find a way.
Just now, it is joy enough for her to know
She can walk in her garden, here below,
Lounge, if she wishes, on a bench,
Peeping, anon, at the sapphire dome, above her,
Dreaming, as all maidens will, of the coming lover,
Gazing at the glistening sea, beneath her feet,
As she waves her fan,
Thinking, as all maidens do, of the coming man.
I will go. But will prove to my lady that while
I am out of sight—
I, still, am with her, all the night—
I leave her now to her sculptured fountains,

Her mosaics, the absent memory of
Near-by Monastery bell.
(Aloud) Fair lady, I did not seek to disturb
Thee, at thine hour of prayer,
Turn thy gaze to thy Madonna.
Light the candles everywhere,
Let holy water be crossed upon thy brow,
Thy mouth, thy chin.
(Muttering to himself) I do not pretend to inspiration,
But I am a genius, who will win.
Forsooth, I do not ask for truth,
For 'tis denied me.
Bianca. (sharply) Thou dost so strange
Behave, 'tis like coming from a grave
To hear thee. I am confused.
I understand you not. My
Grandmother was a beauty.
Page. Yes, fair lady, she knew her duty.
Bianca. She has left me a letter.
Page. She should have known much better.
(Muttering)—Her grandmother knew
No better—nor did her mother. She is
As the others were, this home is all to her,
As it was to them; what can such
Women know of men. However, it
Will not pay me to make a fuss.
Page. (aloud)—Take thou, a sail upon the gulf,
I must leave thee now,
Permit me, Contessa, to most
Humbly bow.
Bianca. Well!

Scene II.—Room within the Palace. The same.

Bianca at prayer.

Night comes, still I do not sleep—
Place I, my lady, this chaplet of roses at thy feet,
Destino, my home, in this "islet of deep stream"
Is yet but a mockery, or do I dream?
Am I brave and beautiful, as befits Venetian maid
Daughter of Destino, Venetian's highest grade?
Sweet-mannered the lad did seem
Yet what could he mean?
(Opens drawer at side of oratory)—perhaps grandmother will know—
Here are her letters she wrote long ago—
And left for me; she loved me so.
She had her faults, but she knew how to act.
She was famous for her beauty and her tact.
(Reads aloud)—No daughter of Villamonte was ever anything but a lady.
(Aside)—Of course not. Grandmother is a baby.
(Reading)—The candalabra on the tables are to be lit every night.
How could I forget that? Grandmother was right.
An embroidered carpet to be placed before the shrine
Of Madonna and to be turned around every day.
Bianca. (Lifting up carpet and turning—this must be the way.
No servants to enter the lavatories,
Except Arabs—this their exclusive right—
Other servants to tolerate no interference
With their work at night.
The descendants of the native Egyptian women

I brought back with me from Cairo, to be preferred as nurses.
Every daughter of the house of Destino,
Should be a believer in religion, love, hope and faith.
Much old wine in the cellars of Destino is too heady for use.
There has never been any history of treachery in the men of this house.
There is a book written by the Doge,
Containing the entire history of Destino.
God bless my grand-daughter, and may the Virgin keep her spotless, and free from sorrow.
Bianca (to herself)—I thought grandmother would know —but I must see Padre Angelo tomorrow.

Scene III.—Scuola di San Rocco, Venice. Ten years later.

Lady standing and looking at tragic and comic masks, hanging near the portrait of a pale extraordinary-looking woman, dressed in black, catalogued "a daughter of the house of Destino, of tragic memory."
A man approaches, tall, elegant, and English in appearance.
Man. How now Signorina?
Woman. Pardon, Signor, 'tis not Signorina.
Man. Where hadst thou been?
Woman. 'Tis for me to know.
1st voice (laughing)—'Tis for her to know.
2nd voice (deeper)—'Tis for her to know.
Man. Who spoke?
Woman. Just so. Who did.

Man. Come, maiden, unhinge thy soul, just for a little while.

Woman. Nay, Signor, I will harden up my soul, I fear thy smile.

Man. You need not unhinge too much; you need not go too far; be content, like Hesper, to be just the evening star; nothing more beyond; come do not be a fool.

1st voice—To excite my ridicule.

Man. Who spoke?

2nd voice. Take full measure, of thy due in pleasure, and in joy.

Woman. Nay, I would not hear again, the story of such struggle, and such pain,
For when pleasure you would have, you
Strike all chords of woe,
Pleasure doth but cheat us, as we go.
Tho' I still am young, in love with life.

Man. Thou seems to be the genius of unrest—hast thou no idle hour?
Come tell me, is there not, on thee,
Some compelling power?
Or, art thou but just a rebel-born.
Why, art thou always so forlorn?

Voice. (ha—ha—ha—)

Lady. (gazing at comic mask) Why does he smile?

Voice. He was made to smile. Wisdom always smiles.
Wisdom is no glistening stream,
Nor wind-swept cry, wisdom is a smiling queen.

Man. Come, my child, what is thy life?

Woman. I am married—yet not a wife.
1st voice (echoing) Not a wife.
2nd voice (echoing) Not a wife.
Woman. I am just a life.
Man. Why dost thou gaze at that suffering face?
Woman. Because, Signor, she was of my race.
Man. I do not gauge the meaning—
Woman. I, too, am confused at the tradition of my house, and the story in that face.
1st voice (laughing) At the story in that face.
2nd voice (deeper) At the story in that face.
Man. And what of thee?
Woman. Naught, Signor, naught of me.
1st voice. She is sublime.
2nd voice. Sublime.
Woman. And who art thou, thou wert bold to bow—
Man. Don't you know me, now?
Woman. No, Signor, I do not know thee now.
1st voice (mocking) Does not know him now.
2nd voice (laughing) Does not know him now.

Scene IV.—Garden at Villamonte.

Sons and daughters of the house of Destino, sitting near lake in garden. A youth, handsome and brilliant, seeming but some voluptuous caprice of nature, lustrous dark eyes, beautiful line of cheek, chin and nose, with a mass of reddish-chestnut hair, true patrician of the house of Destino. Seeing a stranger approach, he lays aside a flute, on which he has been playing.

Man. Can you tell me, my lad, the history of the original of the portrait in the Scuola di San Rocca? She is said to be a lady of this house.

Boy. I know nothing, Signor, of such a lady. Perhaps, my uncle may know.

Uncle. Come. I will show.

(Leading stranger to another apartment in the palace)

This is all. Just this, and that, a prieu-dieu,
A portrait, and some letters, an embroidered
Carpet, that we turn every night, for grandmother
Comes and prays, and we nearly die of fright.
This, sir, is the stiletto.

Stranger. And her name?

Uncle. Did the catalogue tell her name?

Stranger. Of tragic memory, it did say.

Uncle. That, sir, in a catalogue would be the way.

Stranger. Who, then, was the young woman who said she was of this race?

Uncle. No young woman, sir, who is not here, has any place; you may read those lines if through the dust, you still can trace.

Stranger (reading) "No daughter of Villamonte was ever anything but a lady."

Stranger. What does that mean?

Uncle. No more; no less;
Why should I confess
To more, to less?

Stranger. I may as well retrace my steps
From this accursed place, for I
Am clipped in wing, in thought, in space;
They mean that here his mother shall
Never have a place, in life, in death,
In history, but that boy out in the garden
Has her face.

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